THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 12.

A MOTHER'S WONDER.

BY U. N. N.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footsteps, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could ever find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its music in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

DURING the fine spring mornings the young people generally went out together.

Irene and Arran would wander away, having so much to discuss of interest only to themselves, while Daphne and the young lord visited all the spots he had loved best when he was a boy with dear Alaric.

The days would have passed happily enough but for the under-current of anxiety about Lord Hyde.

Arran, too, began to think of leaving; he had already exceeded the proposed limit of his visit.

Long and anxious were the consultations between the Earl and Mr. Rigby. The return of the young heir had so completely changed the aspect of affairs that the various deeds and documents, the draft of the will, were useless.

They would not be required now, provided the young lord continued well.

"We must be just," said the Earl, "we must be even more than just; we must be generous.

"After having settled a large fortune on Irene, we cannot see her return to anything like straitened circumstances.

"I want Bertie to give her the Manor House at West Lynn.

"But he says that neither Irene nor Arran will care for it; they wish to live in town, where Arran feels sure that he has a great future before him."

"Then," said Mr. Rigby, "buy a good house at the West End, furnish it for her, and give her a handsome sum as a wedding-present.

"She will be happy enough, and his independent spirit will allow him to accept that.

"That is not much more than a man in his position may fairly look for with a wife."

"An excellent plan!" declared the Earl. "But what shall we do with Lady Ryeford?"

The words fell slowly from his lips.

"What can you do with Lady Ryeford?

"I can hardly tell.

"That puzzles me.

"To speak frankly, she resents this change; I can see she does.

"She does not like Lord Hyde, and I believe that she is sorry he has returned. As you know I admire Miss Ryeford, but I mistrust her mother greatly.

"I do not like to offer advice unasked, but I think your lordship would do well to let her return to Park Lane as soon as you can."

"She will not like Park Lane after Poole," said the Earl.

"Probably not; but it is in your power to make Park Lane endurable for her," rejoined Mr. Rigby.

"If she has any debts, liquidate them, and settle upon her an income that will enable her to live in comfort.

"She would be satisfied with that, I should imagine."

"She may be," said Lord Cradoc. "Irene is the least mercenary girl I know; but Lady Ryeford is very different. I will discuss the matter with her."

He did so that very evening, and, if ever he had doubted her, his suspicions were confirmed now.

Lord Cradoc was kindness itself to her; but she could not conceal how bitterly disappointed she was.

However, knowing what line of conduct would best serve her ends, she endeavored to be civil and plausible to him.

Angry and irritated as she was, it would never do to quarrel with the Earl, since all future benefits must come from his hands.

Still her nature was too violent to be under perfect control.

She was cold and haughty; the Earl winced under her icy words.

"It is very good of you, Lord Cradoc," she said, "to consult me about my daughter's welfare; but, as you must know, she has taken her life into her own hands; she listens to no advice of mine. It is against my will that she marries Arran Darleigh; therefore no consultation with me can avail."

"Shall I speak to Irene herself?" he asked.

"That would be more to the purpose, certainly, than talking to me" she replied. "If Arran Darleigh were like other men, it would be a very different matter.

"To tell you the truth, Lord Cradoc, I feel far more sorry for myself than I do for Irene.

"She does not value the things of this world.

"She is of a peculiar disposition, and would be happier with Arran Darleigh, even in poverty, than without him as mistress of Poole.

"I shall feel the change far more than she will.

"To me leaving Poole to return to Park Lane will be a terrible shock.

"I do not wish to reproach you, Lord Cradoc.

"You have overwhelmed us with kindness.

"I must say it is a very great pity that before the even tenor of our lives was disturbed, before we were dazzled by the picture of a splendid future, you did not make more extended inquiries about your only sons."

"Heaven bless the woman!" cried the Earl in surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Ryeford," he added, after a moment's pause, "but you astonished me.

"You speak as though I had done you some injury."

She tried to smile; but her lips writhed in the effort.

"In one way it is injury," she said. "I, for instance, had become reconciled to my life of privation and sacrifice; but, after the luxury of Poole, after being led to believe that I should enjoy all that wealth can supply for the rest of my days, can the old life ever content me again?

"Looking at the matter in that light, I think you will agree with me, Lord Cradoc that, in spite of all your kindness, an injury has been done to me."

And Lord Cradoc was at a loss how to reply.

* * * * * *

One afternoon all the beautiful foreshadowings of spring seemed to vanish. Across the heavens, which at times were bright and blue, dark clouds were driven with a sure promise of rain and storm.

The western sky shone with a lurid light which illuminated the landscape in ghostly fashion.

But there was in the air a freshness that gave promise of pleasant weather when the storm should have passed by.

But the clouds did not break; they gathered in ominous banks, at times flaming purple and gold, then assuming a dull leaden aspect.

The light fell weirdly on the picturesque pile, on the grounds, the garden, but most luridly on the terrace, where Lord Hyde and Daphne were walking up and down. But what mattered leaden skies or stormy weather to them?

They were so unutterably happy that the whole world about them seemed steeped in rosy light.

It was only on the previous day that Lord Cradoc had given his sanction to their being engaged, and they had been in an elysian dream ever since.

Of course there was terrible uncertainty with regard to Lord Hyde's health; for though Sir James Hudson, who had paid him a second visit, had pronounced him better, he was still not out of danger. But all agreed that, if any one could cure him, Daphne would; and every one rejoiced when the engagement was made known.

Lord Hyde had told his father how, when he saw her at the park gates, he could have fancied she was a seraph waiting to welcome him home.

"I can never convey to you how impressed I was.

"The dear wife I have found in the place of the brother I have lost is so like Alaric that I often have a strange fancy that she is Alaric's spirit come back to me in another form."

"You must not give way to strange ideas and fancies, Bertie," said the Earl, who was easily alarmed about his son.

"However there is no one in the world whom I should welcome so gladly as a daughter.

"Strange that she could be Countess of Cradoc after all!

"I am happier, Bertie, than I can say; I never hoped to be so happy in this world again.

"Heaven bless you and her! But do not bring her to me just yet; I am agitated, and not equal to seeing her."

Later on, when Lord Hyde conducted his beautiful young *fiancee* to his father, the Earl showed plainly enough how delighted he was. He took her in his arms, as though she had been a child.

"You seemed to belong to me from the very first, Daphne," he said; "now you will be a daughter in reality."

"How strange that she should be Countess of Cradoc after all!" remarked Mr. Rigby.

"Only a month since Irene Ryeford, save for the fact of not being in absolute possession, was Countess.

"Who could have foreseen so strange a turn of fate?"

But Lady Marcia would not own that it was strange.

In her dreams had not the birds of the air sung of "Daphne, Countess of Cradoc"?

And Lady Marcia believed in her dreams more firmly than ever.

Had she not, she reminded Mr. Rigby, when he ventured to dissent, seen in her dream the funeral of only one of the dear boys.

As, on this wild afternoon, Daphne and her lover walked up and down the terrace, they were unutterably happy in their love-dream—she so beautiful in her sweet girlhood, he handsome as any gallant cavalier of old, despite the pallor of his face and an ominous shadow in his eyes.

Daphne always amused him. She was so bright, so animated, that she insensibly influenced every one else.

She was telling him now of her home at Northfield, and of the terrible straits both she and Marjory had often been in for want of money.

Lord Hyde was heartily amused.

"I never dreamed of people having such difficulties as those," he said. "Suppose Daphne, that we were ever to find ourselves in such a fix?"

"There is no fear," laughed Daphne. "You rich people know very little of life, after all.

"When the tradespeople look sulky, and cease to call for orders, and never have the goods you want—that is the time to understand the real mysteries of life."

As they talked of troubles they were never to know, happy as birds in spring, a woman with handsome evil face gazed after them with a malign look, noted the merry gestures, the light-hearted laughter, the loving glances, and cursed them in her heart.

Lady Ryeford had drawn the curtains in one of the drawing-room windows, so that she might see without being seen. She was a dangerous woman.

She had been proud, ambitious, worldly; now she had opened her heart to the tempter, and welcomed him.

That was the girl who would be Lady Cradoc instead of her daughter? "A fair-haired doll!" Lady Ryeford muttered contemptuously.

Yet she did not waste much hatred on Daphne, for the present difficulty was not her fault.

To do the girl justice, she had never tried to win the inheritance.

It was his fault—he who had come back after everything had been settled in Irene's favor!

Why should he have come back? Why had he not died?

Who wanted him but his doating old father and his mad aunt.

Irene, as mistress of Poole, would have managed the estate far better than he would as master.

Ah, if he would but die!

That was the first suggestion of the tempter—if he would but die!

Had Lady Ryeford listened to the voice of conscience when that terrible temptation came to her, she would have fallen upon her knees and prayed to Heaven to cast it from her.

As a noisome snake it had crept into her heart.

Instead of endeavoring to cast it from her she cherished it and welcomed its deadly poison.

It was infamous, she would mutter to herself.

Having been told that magnificent inheritance was to be her daughter's, she had fondly dreamed how, as mother of the heiress of Poole, she would take her place in the front rank of society—had complacent visions of the envy of her rivals, the jealousy and mortification of those who had slighted her—had dreamed of a life of luxury and pleasure; and now, through this sickly stripling's return, she had lost everything.

Well might she hate him! Well might she wish him dead! Her hatred had grown into a brooding, hungering longing for him to die.

No one inquired more anxiously every morning after the young lord's health than Lady Ryeford.

As one eager question after another came from her lips, any one more suspicious and less kind than her hearers must have wondered at the expression of her face. More than once Irene had cried out—

"What is the matter, mamma? You look so strange!"

Black murderous hatred was the cause, and, when such hatred once takes possession of a human soul, it is hard to dislodge it. On the days when Lord Hyde was not so well, Lady Ryeford's terrible nervous agitation was known only to herself. How she longed to hear that he was worse, creeping with cat-like step to listen at his door, asking after him with averted face and trembling voice, watching the ominous red scar, and noting the long fits of exhaustion and sleep!

As she watched the happy young lovers walking up and down the terrace, black envy took possession of her, and the thought that had been running like wildfire through her brain changed from "If he were but dead!" to "He must die!" She repeated the words again and again to herself—"He must die!"

He must make room for her daughter and for her.

If he were dead, all would be well again; Irene would be heiress of Poole.

Even if she married Arran, it would not matter.

Wealth, rank, honor, position, every good thing would be theirs again if he were dead.

A pale transient sunbeam lighted up his face as he passed the window where she crouched to watch him. After all, it was a fragile life.

Taken at the best, it could never be worth much, and Irene was so full of life and vigor.

"He must die!" she repeated. "Why should I suffer—why lose all for him?"

There seemed a strange harmony between the handsome face distorted with evil passions and the storm that was about to break over the land.

So she watched the happy young lovers unconscious of the terrible eyes and the terrible thoughts that followed them.

Deeper and deeper grew the hatred and the envy, more precise the calculations, clearer the voice of the tempter, fainter the voice of conscience, until, at last, when the clouds were ready to break and the boughs swaying wildly before the boisterous wind, she had made up her mind only that he should die, but in what fashion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LADY RYEFORD sat alone in her room.

During the past few days she had not been much down-stairs, for she had a severe cold, she said, and must take care of herself.

It was a painful fact, however, that no one missed her or regretted her absence.

During those few days a great deal of business had been transacted.

Arran Darleigh, who had left Poole and gone back to town, had been asked to return for a few days while Mr. Rigby settled the legal business in which he was interested.

Arran was anxious for the arrival of his wedding-day.

Fortune had played him such strange tricks—had almost taken his love from him to make a Countess of her—he could not tell what might happen if he waited much longer.

He urged Irene to marry him at once; but at first she would not consent.

"A hurried marriage is never a happy one," she told him.

But he said that, even if they were married on that very day, no one could call it a hurried marriage.

They had been engaged almost three years.

Why should they wait?

Some other rich relative might wish to claim her, and he might lose her in the end.

As the Earl had made a munificent offer, which Arran had felt did not compromise his independence, why should they not be married at once?

After a long discussion, the wedding-day was fixed for the end of April. Lady Marcia would not hear of May—nothing, she declared, could ever make a May marriage a happy one.

Mr. Rigby had undertaken the purchase of the house, the decoration the furnishing and all else being left to Arran.

All that the Earl begged of him was that he would spare nothing which could conduce to Irene's comfort.

Lord Cradoc had himself told Lady Ryeford the news that Irene's wedding-day was settled, Irene having asked him to do so.

She knew well what such a communication from herself to her mother would entail.

Lady Ryeford received the news in dignified silence.

"My daughter has not consulted me," she said; "she must do as she will."

"But now, as she sat alone brooding over the matter, she had no reason to feign indifference.

It was very kind of the Earl to say that the wedding was to take place at Poole, and with as much *eclat* as though Irene were his own daughter.

No doubt the wedding would be magnificent, the presents superb; but, when it was over, Lady Ryeford knew she could no longer remain at Poole.

She had grown accustomed to magnificent surroundings, to crowds of servants, to every luxury that money could purchase, and the thought of giving it all up was hateful to her.

A few weeks later when the lilacs would be in bloom and the chestnuts in flower, she would have to return to Park Lane. She could not bear the idea—she would not submit to the treatment.

Let others suffer.

She had suffered enough.

"Desperate women have done worse than this," she said to herself.

Then she took up a book which seemed to interest her greatly; but, when Irene entered the room, she placed it on the table, concealing it beneath her lace handkerchief.

Irene, with a bright happy face, came to her, and, bending, kissed the dark face which had no smile for her.

"Mamma dear, how strange, how unhappy you look!

"It grieves me to see you like this. Are you really ill?

"I have had enough to make me ill," she replied gloomily.

"Dear mamma, do try to be cheerful," entreated Irene.

"We are all so happy now; the only drawback to my happiness is that you are miserable.

"Arran and I will be so good to you; and believe me, mamma dearest, although we shall not be rich—that is, rich like the Earl—still we shall be very happy."

Love and happiness had changed Irene. A few weeks back she would not have pleaded with her mother in this fashion; she would have resented her mother's anger, and there would have been ill-will between them.

Now she knelt down by her side and kissed her hands.

"Dear mamma," she went on, "do try to be happy.

"I have been tiresome and wayward, I am afraid, in the past; but I will mend my ways, and Arran will do all in his power to please you.

"Will you try for our sakes?

"I know you are a little disappointed, but we ought to be pleased for the old Earl's sake."

"Do not talk to me in that fashion, Irene; you irritate me!" cried Lady Ryeford.

"How can you expect me to be happy and cheerful.

"Your marriage is, as you know, a bitter disappointment to me, and this reappearance of a man long thought dead is another."

"Hush!" Irene said, with a shocked look.

"You know you do not mean that, dear mother."

"I do mean it!" exclaimed Lady Ryeford.

"What do you want, Irene?"—for Irene was overhauling the things on the table, as though in search of something.

"I thought perhaps your little work-basket was here, mamma, and I want to borrow your tiny scissors: that is why I came."

The handkerchief got displaced at that moment, and Irene caught sight of the book lying on the table.

"Were you reading, mamma? Did I disturb you?

"Have you a nice book?" She raised it and looked at the title.

"Oh, mamma, how horrible! You may well look grave and sad. The 'Life of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, the Secret Poisoner!'

"How can you read such a terrible book as that?"

"I found it on one of the library shelves—there are all kinds of strange books there—and I thought I should like to read it."

She spoke with apparent carelessness, but even her lips had lost their color.

She turned to the fire, lest her daughter should see the livid hue of her face.

"Are you much interested in it?" she asked.

"Not very much," replied Lady Ryeford.

"If you are not really interested," said Irene, "let me replace it, mamma. It quite horrified me to see it lying here on your table—it did indeed!"

"You can replace it if you choose," said Lady Ryeford. "I do not know that I shall open it again; and, if I want it, I can easily find it."

She tried to look and speak indifferently, but she did not quite succeed.

When Irene went away, taking the book with her, she gave more than one anxious thought to her mother.

If she would but try to be more happy and cheerful!

Lady Ryeford yielded a little to her daughter's good influence on that day. In the evening she went down to the drawing-room, where a very happy party was gathered.

She tried to be amiable, but her face darkened with envy.

There was sweet Daphne, wearing a splendid suite of pearls, given her by the Earl that morning, with her lover at her side—the girl who was to be Countess in her daughter's face.

There was the young lord who had deprived her of a position that she would have given her life almost to fill.

And they were talking, jesting, laughing as though life were all gaiety, while she sat there cherishing thoughts of murder in her heart.

How handsome and lordly he was, this young man who had stepped back into his place!

How he worshipped Daphne! How little he seemed to reck what his coming had cost herself!

If he had but fallen in love with Irene! Ah, that would have been another matter! She sat looking fixedly at him with that idea in her mind.

She looked at him so intently that Lady Marcia's attention was attracted.

She crossed over to her and took a seat by her side.

Then her ladyship averted her eyes. It would not do to let Lady Marcia Hyde see their full expression.

"I see," said the unconscious mistress of Poole, "that you are watching my nephew closely. Do you not think him looking well?"

"He does not look well," replied Lady Ryeford.

"We are greatly concerned about him. He talks and laughs, but he has had two or three of those dreadful sleeping-fits today."

"It would be so much the less a sin," she was thinking to herself.

She turned with a darkening face to Lady Marcia.

"I do not like to be a prophetess of evil," she said; "but I have never thought Lord Hyde would live. To me it seemed, when he returned, that he had death in his face."

Lady Marcia sighed deeply.

"What human love and care can do shall be done," she said.

That night, when the whole household were asleep and silence reigned throughout the mansion, a tall figure passed with noiseless footsteps down the great staircase—a tall stately figure, with set white face terrible in its fierce intent.

Lady Ryeford, carrying a wax-taper in her hand, passed through the hall of the library, pausing for a moment at the door to listen.

There was no sound.

Then she entered, and locked the door after her.

She went to the well-filled bookcases, and looked slowly along the shelves. For some minutes she was unsuccessful; then her eyes brightened, and she gave a little cry of satisfaction.

She found the work for which she was searching.

"Wilson on Poisons," she read. That was what she wanted.

She took it down, rearranged the books so that no one might miss this one, and went her silent stealthy way again.

But her heart beat wildly, and a blinding mist seemed to be before her eyes, for she had taken the first step on the path to murder!

Lady Ryeford sat up the remainder of the night reading the book carefully; she made one or two extracts from it, and in the early morning she replaced it in the library.

On the following day she went over to Abbey Dale.

She would not have a companion.

She said her shopping would take several hours, and her movements were uncertain.

That she went to the station and took a railway-ticket to one of the largest neighboring towns she never mentioned. When she returned to Poole, everybody condoled with her on looking ill and tired.

"Yes," she said simply, "I have had a very tiring day."

CHAPTER XXV.

A VAGUE uneasiness hung over the household at Poole.

No one liked to speak of it; but it was evident that something was wrong with the young heir.

It was plain to all eyes that he was making a fight for life. But he would not complain.

He bore deathly pain, exhaustion, and depression without a murmur; he did his best to conceal from every one that he was suffering.

What had alarmed his relatives most were the frequent fits of deadly fainting that came upon him without warning or apparent cause.

Irene's wedding-day was fixed; and, if she had been the Earl's own daughter, she could not have been more magnificently provided for.

"My *trousseau* is worthy of a princess," she declared, as she vainly attempted to stem the torrent of the Earl's generosity.

Packing-case after packing-case came from London and Paris, until Irene declared that she should never live to wear out one-half of the beautiful dresses contained in them.

Lord Cradoc seemed to delight in lavishing the richest of gifts upon her.

"When shall I wear all these jewels, Lord Cradoc?" she asked laughingly.

"When Arran becomes Lord Chief Justice, you will want even more than these," he replied.

Lady Ryeford who had overheard the conversation, turned away with a sneer.

Even if the laughing prophecy came true of what value would such rank be, great as it was, to one who might have shared the title of Cradoc?

Every preparation for the wedding had been made—the house in London was almost ready.

An elegant carriage and a pair of handsome carriage-horses had been purchased and sent to Irene's future home.

There was not a luxury that the Earl could think of that he had not provided for her, while at Poole the coming event was discussed during almost every hour of the day.

The young lord was almost impatient about it.

Why should he not be married on the same day—that is if Daphne were willing? He did not see any use in waiting.

They could not love each other better; they were sure enough of each other's constancy.

Why should they wait?

The Earl was puzzled to answer.

Lady Marcia said there was no time to prepare; but he laughed that answer to scorn.

Irene took his part, and thought it a very reasonable request.

Lady Ryeford looked on with baleful eyes.

She had written to the woman in charge of the house in Park Lane, to say that she intended to return there in a few weeks; and since the writing of the letter a strange shadow had seemed to hang over her.

Suddenly the young lord ceased importunities with regard to his marriage. During the whole of one day he never mentioned it, and in the evening they were all painfully struck by the pallor of his face and his state of exhaustion.

That same evening he was standing talking to Daphne, when suddenly he fell into a deathly fainting-fit.

From that moment he was never well. Every one remarked that he could not ride or walk without the most terrible exhaustion; and he seemed suddenly to have lost all hope.

He was with Irene one morning; she was showing him some of the Earl's presents to her, and laughing happily over the future that in her heart she held so dear.

Lord Hyde took her hands in his.

"Irene," he said, "your future is not settled yet.

"You will most surely be Countess of Cradoc.

"Look into my face, dear, and tell me what you read there."

She looked at him gravely.

"You are ill, dear," she said.

"I am more than ill," he replied; "I am dying Irene.

"Nay, my dear, do not let me startle you—I am dying by inches, as it were. I—I cannot tell Daphne, I love her so dearly; but I think she suspects something, for she looked at me this morning with tears in her eyes.

"Irene, do you not see death in my face?"

"You are certainly very ill," she said slowly.

"I cannot think what is the matter with me," he continued; "my sensations are peculiar, awful, indescribable.

"There are times when I cannot see or hear, when a cold horrible faintness comes over me.

"Death could not be worse. It is not exactly pain, but a dreadful sense of exhaustion.

"Yet I have no complaint, no malady—nothing that can account for it."

"You must see another doctor," said Irene.

"I have, but he could tell me nothing. He thought it the result of my long fever, and talked about fresh air and generous diet.

"I am a dying man, Irene, and I cannot bear the thought of leaving Daphne. It seems hard that I should have been rescued from the deep, deep waters only to die at home."

"Oh, my dear," cried Irene, "you will not, you must not die; I cannot bear to think of it!"

"It seems very unmanly to complain," he continued; "but Irene, look at my hands, and remember that a short time since I was a hale, stalwart young fellow."

He held out to her two white transparent hands that trembled like leaves quivering in the wind.

She noted the great drops that stood on his brow, almost like the damp of death. His lips had a strange livid tint, and over the sunny laughing eyes was a glassy terrible film.

"Look at my face, Irene," he then continued.

"Is it not that of a dying man?

"I have not dared to speak of marriage lately. I feel that there will be no marriage for me."

"How long have you felt so much worse, Bertie?" she asked.

"For nearly a fortnight now.

"I can remember the evening it began very well.

"I was getting better then, much stronger and better.

"It was the evening we spent in the picture-gallery, before Arran went away. I had been talking to your mother, and, amongst other things, we spoke of the preparation of coffee.

"Lady Ryeford told me she thought no one in the world could equal her in the making of good coffee, and, when I said I should like some, she made some herself and brought it to me.

"I drank it, and it was perfection; but it made me very ill, and I have never been well since that evening.

"I fainted, frightening Daphne almost to death, and I have been growing steadily worse."

"Has not Daphne remarked it?" she asked.

"I have fought against it when she has been with me.

"I have battled with the insidious, deadly ailment by inch.

"I have often left my father's presence with a laughing word, have only just reached my room, and then have fallen fainting to the ground.

"But I can struggle no longer; I can hide it no longer.

"I am a dying man.

"You will be Countess of Cradoc, Irene, not my sweet Daphne.

"But you will be kind to her, because I love her so?

"We shall love each other still, and just as much, although she will be on earth and I, I trust shall be in heaven."

"My dear Bertie," cried Irene, "do not speak so despondently.

"Something must be done, and that at once.

"I shall speak to the Earl without losing a moment."

"My father has telegraphed for Sir James Hudson," he said slowly; "but Daphne does not know.

"Oh, Irene, if I die—if I die, my dear, promise me that you will take care of Daphne!"

"You will not die, Bertie.

"Sir James Hudson will relieve you, I feel sure."

"He must come quickly then," said the young lord, with a weary sigh. "I am afraid it is too late."

Before the great clock of the castle had struck one the young lord had been carried up-stairs, cold and senseless, in one of those terrible fits that seemed to bear him to the very brink of the grave.

It had come on without warning. He was out with Daphne on the terrace, when he suddenly fell to the ground.

Daphne was terribly alarmed; she now saw, as every one else saw, death in his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Poor Enough.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

INDEED, you shall not do any such thing Violet."

A decidedly vexed voice, certainly very sweet and musical, it was that spoke.

"Indeed, I shall do it, Rosamond," was the reply in an equally positive voice, sweet as a chime of silver bells, with not a trace of anger in its exquisite tones, and a gleam of amusement shining in the large blue eyes.

They were two sisters, Violet and Rosamond Jones, and, following close upon a total loss of property, their father had died suddenly—they could not remember the mother.

Consequently, an effort, and a very prompt and energetic effort, too, was necessary on their part, or else they must expect to be hungry and cold.

They were beautiful girls, and as they were posed gracefully on the seashore, they formed indeed a pretty picture.

They were, however, as totally different in the styles of their beauty as they were both in disposition and in temperament.

Violet—"the baby," her father had called her, seeing she was just half an hour her sister's junior—was the smaller of the two, and as fair as a blush rose-leaf, with hair the color of liquid sunshine, and eyes the tint of the rarest namesake flowers—those great double violet-blue violets that grow in thick perfumy bunches in cool shaded corners.

And "so sweet, and gentle, and positive withal," but in a way that was quite different from Rosamond's cold, proud decisiveness, that somehow seemed to match perfectly well with her fair, pallid face, that seldom ever warmed with a blush, and her splendid dark brown eyes, and lustrous dark hair, and lips crimson as the heart of a rose.

And now, the question at issue was one upon which opinion differed so widely, that it seemed as if a decision were impossible.

And it was nothing more or less than that momentous question that has come to so many women, left to face the world with only their brains and hands for the weapons of warfare.

"There is not the slightest need for you to as much as think of such a thing, Violet.

"Why, the idea is preposterous in the extreme!

"We are poor enough here, but if we should accept old Uncle Asher's offer, and bury ourselves alive in his miserable little country house, we'd—well, we might not starve or freeze, but, judging from what we know of him, it wouldn't come very far short of both.

"He's as poor as a church mouse, Violet, and can no more afford to take us than we can afford to go."

Violet's sweet eyes looked tenderly and softly up in Rosamond's handsome resolute face.

"And I think that is the very reason my heart turns towards him—poor, lonely, sick old uncle!

"Of course he is poor, but you remember how papa loved him, and always went to him for advice.

"And to think he wants to share his wretched little all with 'David's girls!'"

Just a little suspicion of grateful tears twinkled on Violet's dark gold lashes.

"It's out of the question, Violet, and, besides, I already have secured a situation for both of us—Fanshawe and Fenwick have answered our advertisement, and will take me as book-keeper at four dollars a week, and you in the fancy department at—well, of course the pay is very small until you get accustomed to it—two dollars to begin with."

Rosamond's eyes were bright with exultation at the prospect in store, but to her surprise, Violet did not respond.

"You are very kind, I dare say, Rosamond.

"I have not authorised you to advertise for a situation for me, nor shall I accept Fanshawe and Fenwick's offer.

"I shall go to Uncle Asher, and live with him, and try to show him that I appreciate his kindness, and try to make his homely, lonely life a little happier."

Then Rosamond elevated her straight handsome brows, and looked as if she was positively overwhelmed.

"Indeed, you shall not do any such thing, Violet," she said quietly.

To which Violet replied, laughingly, resolutely, kindly:

"Indeed, and I shall do it, Rosamond!

"And besides," Violet went on, a little gleam of excitement kindling in her blue eyes, and warming her cheeks to a dainty blush rose-pink.

"Can't you see that it really will be the best thing?

"I shall have no board to pay, and you know Uncle Asher said that I could get all the sewing to do I wanted from the dressmaker in the village—and I'm quite sure to be able to make more than two dollars a week.

"Then, there'll be all those delightful country frolics, and the sweet country air, and——"

Rosamond interrupted her very scornfully.

"I never listened to such nonsense!

"But of course you'll do just as you please—you always do have your own way!

"But remember, Violet, after you've tried your silly little romance, and become thoroughly disgusted with Uncle Asher and his poverty, and country frolics, and the village dressmaker—don't come to me to find you another situation."

Violet replied very gravely:

"I will not trouble you, Sister Rosamond—you may be assured of that.

"Are you going to Fanshawe and Fenwick's soon, and when shall you remove from here to your new place?"

"I take the books on Monday, and I have engaged a room with Mrs. Dalton for the same day.

"So you see you will go your own way alone, Violet.

"But through no fault of mine, remember."

Rosamond's voice was harsh and angry, but Violet answered brightly:

"I hope through no fault of anyone, Rosamond.

"I believe I am doing right."

That was the way the momentous question was settled, and on the following Monday they bade good-bye to their old home, and went their different ways—Rosamond to her fashionable lodgings, to her new circle of friends and admirers, to evenings at theatres and occasional balls, and to her pleasant, if somewhat tedious position in the office of Fanshawe and Fenwick, while Violet——

To confess the truth, as a faithful chronicler should do under all circumstances, Violet's first sensation was one of sinking discouragement and homesickness as she alighted from the stage at Uncle Asher's gate—a dilapidated old gate, off one hinge and which flapped back yawningly against the time-worn fence.

The house was old and weather-beaten, but she had expected that.

She had not expected, however, to see the broken windows into which old hats and bundles of paper were thrust in unsightly array.

Nor was she prepared for the general air of unthrift and carelessness and—yes—dirt, that greeted her when she went in, and received the old man's warm eager welcome, that almost compensated her, for a moment for the lack of other things.

"And where's Rosamond?"

He asked the question at once, and Violet felt a thrill of shame and relief curiously commingled, as she answered:

"Rosamond couldn't come, Uncle Asher—or, at least, she thought it best not to accept your kind offer, as she had a situation in the city that will pay her very well. But—I'm come, you see!"

She tried to laugh, but somewhat she felt more like crying, everything was so unhomelike.

Then she suddenly roused all her sweet grand womanhood to arms.

"Come, Violet Jones," she said to herself, "what on earth is the matter with you?

"You didn't expect to find Uncle Asher in a palace, did you?

"You knew perfectly well he was poor, and nearly helpless with rheumatism, if his dear old heart is big as the sea.

"There's nobody but a simpering country girl to tidy up.

"Uncle Asher's not to blame.

"He's offered you half of all he's got, and if it isn't a kingdom, his goodness is all the same!

"Suppose you roll up your sleeves and go to work and make a home fit for yourself and this kind old man!

"Make your own sunshine—you are not half a woman if you haven't the tact, and patience, and perseverance, and inclination to do it!"

And the sweet face brightened, and the lovely blue eyes were tender, and brave, and smiling, as they looked in Uncle Asher's face as he frowned a trifle.

"So Rosamond wouldn't come?

"Well, it's a poor enough place for any dainty little lady to come to—only—I thought, perhaps, it would be a good chance for her.

"Well, I'm glad to see you, my dear little blue eyes, and if you think you can put up with it all——"

He looked around at the disorder and confusion that reigned supreme, and Violet followed his glance, then looked at him and laughed.

"Well, uncle, it is very bad, but a few day's work, and plenty of soap and water, and a few panes of glass, and Betsy and I will work wonders.

"Really, Uncle Asher, it might be made a very pretty place."

Right in the midst of the charming June weather, Uncle Asher's son came home—Violet's cousin John, whom she had never seen.

It could hardly have happened otherwise than that he should have fallen in love with fair Violet, and that she should love him just as well.

He was a splendid fellow, handsome, refined, cultured, and Violet knew she loved him, one summer night when she was too happy to sleep for the joy in her heart because of something he had whispered in her ears.

The very next day there came to her a letter from Rosamond, saying she was so weary and overworked, and that the awful heat had incessant confinement were too much for her, and she was coming out to Uncle Asher's for a week or two some time during July to rest.

And then—she told Violet in a strain of confidence she never before had condescended to adopt, that there had come into her life such a new, strange sweetness—that her king among men, had appeared.

Not as a lover, as yet—she and Captain Courtenay had not met so often that she was warranted in considering him her lover but—he was so handsome, and gracious, and—perfect.

And Violet knew that if this city admirer of Rosamond was or was not in love, that, at all events, Rosamond herself had met her fate.

She was so thoroughly glad, too, both because she was so happy in her own lover's love, and Uncle Asher's delight, and because it seemed that Rosamond had very little else to make her happy.

Of course she showed her letter to John, and he smiled and kissed Violet's sweet face.

"Captain Courtenay ought to have seen you, Violet mine, and he would have had no eyes for the fair Rosamond.

"Have you never heard of this Courtenay before?"

Uncle Asher put on his glasses and looked solemnly at Rosamond's Italian handwriting.

"We'll have to arrange a little extra for your sister, Violet.

"And, to begin with, let John drive you to the village to lay in a few things, a fancy chair or two, or something pretty."

And Violet, ecstatic at the prospect of a ride with her lover, ran for her hat and gloves, and never once noticed the shrewd telegraphic glance that passed between the two.

Then came the drive, but not "to the village to lay in a fancy chair or so," but, straight to the open bronze gates of a stately, magnificent mansion, with costly lace curtains at the plate glass windows, and variegated marble floor in hall and vestibule, and rare upholstery and priceless pictures.

Everything was perfect, complete, luxurious, from the threshold to the observatory, from the porter's gate to the stables.

"Come in, Violet, it will be our home just as soon as you see fit to set the wedding day.

"My darling, you never once dreamed I was so rich, did you?

"You never even wondered if I was, and I know you never cared.

"I bought this place several weeks ago, for me and you, my sweet, and dear old father.

"Violet mine, what do you think Rosamond will say when she not only sees this, but, when she sees me?

"For, dear, I am the Captain Courtenay she meant, John Courtenay, Jones, and it was father's wish I should see her, and learn what sort of a sister she was."

Above the dazed, almost terrified look on Violet's lovely face, above the astonished pity she felt for poor Rosamond, was one of glad pride and passionate love for the handsome smiling lover beside her, who was so good, so very good to her.

"Oh, John!"

It was all her quivering lips could say, but it made him snatch her in his arms and kiss her over and over.

"And now, little lady, your first duty is to drive your ponies over to the old place and bring father home.

"And your next, to give your orders for to-morrow to the very excellent housekeeper I have engaged.

"And the next, which will require your uninterrupted attention for twenty minutes at eleven o'clock to-morrow, will be, to be married to me!

"Yes, the minister will be here, and the wedding ring is in my pocket.

"I telegraphed in your name to your sister to be here by the 7.10 train, and I shall meet her at the station, and explain a little.

"Well, Violet?"

And he laid his cheek caressingly against hers, and listened for her whispered, awe-struck answer, scarce above her breath: "Let it be so, if you wish it, John."

KIND WORDS.—They never blister the tongue or lips, and we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Although they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own souls, angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make the blaze more fierce. Kind words make other people good natured; cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, idle words, hasty words, warlike words. Kind words also produce their image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They quiet, soothe, and comfort the hearer, and shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

M. S.

Dwarfs die of premature old age, giants of exhaustion.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE RIGHT HAND.—'Right-handedness' extends very far along the animal series. Parrots hold their food by preference in the right foot, and though we cannot speak positively, wasps, beetles and spiders seem to use the right anterior foot most commonly.

DOG CARTS.—The T carts and dog carts, so popular nowadays, had a singular origin. Four wheeled conveyances of all kinds were taxable in England, while all two-wheeled vehicles were free from duty, as being necessary for the trade purposes of the humbler classes. The gentlemen of the day, disliking the tax upon a pleasure wagon, eluded it by adopting two-wheeled carriages. Thus the dog cart was invented, became fashionable, and is met with everywhere.

THE CASE WITH THE PRESIDENT.—Years ago, when David Crockett was a member of Congress and had returned home at the close of the first session, several of his neighbors gathered around him one day and asked questions about Washington. "What time do they dine in the city?" asked one. "Common people, such as we have here, dine at 1. The big ones dine at 3; we representatives at 4; the aristocracy and senators eat at 5." "Well, when does the President fodder?" "Old Hickory?" exclaimed the colonel; "well, he don't dine till next day.

LUMINOUS.—It is said that American petroleum at the present time lights up what is generally believed to be the Garden of Eden, the ruins of Babylon, the Mosques of Bagdad; shines upon the exhumed palace of Sennacherib, on the tomb of Jonah in Nineveh, and upon the birthplaces of Job and Abraham; illuminates the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and the Church of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives; burns around the Pyramids of Egypt, on the plains of ancient Troy, on the Acropolis of Athens, and is the chief source of illumination in cottage and palace on the banks of the Golden Horn.

MALAY PETS.—The Malay's version of the wehr-wolf myth is that some men are tigers by night and men by day. They wear tigers' claws to avert disease, use the liver, dried and pounded, as a medicine, which is worth twice its weight in gold, and set the centre of the 'terrible eyeballs' in gold rings, to be worn as charms. Whether one liked or did not like the ape as an inmate would regulate one's enjoyment of the domestication of that animal in the Malay Country, but that it is a wonderful creature is not to be denied. The Malays are passionately fond of pets, and of all the nice things which travellers and residents in their peninsula have told us of this interesting people, nothing is more charming than this testimony of Miss Bird's:—"They have great skill in taming birds and animals. Doubtless, their low voices, and gentle, supple movements, never shock the timid sensitiveness of brutes. Besides this, Malay children yield a very ready obedience to their orders, and are encouraged to invite the confidence of birds and beasts, rather than to torment them."

THE FESTIVE COWBOY.—The home of the cow-puncher. Here he stands, tall well-formed, with muscles of iron and bronzed, generally handsome, face. High boots, always, blue shirt and heavy pants, an immense white hat, at the hip a glistening revolver of the largest pattern, always loaded, and always accompanied by a belt filled with cartridges. This is the cowboy's toy. He plays with this as children play with toy pistols, and fires it off whenever he feels like it. The night is merry with its gentle fusilade; the cowboy shoots dogs with it, shoots at stovepipe hats if they appear on the street, shoots at the ground in front of the "tenderfoot" and scatters the dirt over his polished shoes; he flourishes it in the moonlight, he plays tunes on it, he serenades with it. The wind blew off a stranger's stiff hat the other night; an urchin caught it and tossed it into the air; twenty revolvers were whipped out and the hat fell to the ground riddled with holes. I picked up a bullet last night which was fired into the hard ground two inches just in front of the leading store. It was fired "just for fun."

ALASKAN WOMEN.—The matrons of high fashion and the swell damsels of the Thlinkot tribes never make a canoe voyage without smearing themselves well with the black dye that they get from a certain wild root of the woods or with a paste of soot and seal oil. On sunny and windy days on shore they protect themselves from tan and sunburn by this same inky coating. On feast days and the great occasions, when they wash off the black, their complexions come out as fair and creamy white as the palest of their Japanese cousins across the water, and the women are then seen to be some six shades lighter than the tan-colored and coffee-colored lords of their tribe. The specimen woman at Juneau wore a thin calico dress and a thick blue blanket. Her feet were bare, but she was compensated for that loss of gear by the turkey red parasol that she poised over her head with all the complacency of a Mount Desert belle. She had blacked her face to the edge of her eyelids and the roots of her hair; she wore the full parure of silver nose ring, lip ring, and earrings, with five silver bracelets on each wrist, and fifteen rings ornamenting her bronze fingers, and a more thoroughly proud and satisfied creature never arrayed herself according to the behests of high fashion.

LIFE OF MAN.

BY K.

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd, which Jonah made;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the blossom hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time 'twixt flow and ebb,
Or like the spider's slender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole is dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like the post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quiver in a song,
Or like a journey three days' long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

TO be back, alone, in time to see Charles Durrant, should he have come in from shooting, before dinner—this had grown into a burning desire which she had no idea of withstanding.

Rather she did her utmost, by all means, fair or foul, to obtain it, and finally succeeded in far distancing her companions, thanks to her horse's speed and endurance.

She was all alone when she threw the reins to the groom who came to meet her, in some surprise at seeing her unattended.

"Have the gentlemen come in from shooting yet?" she asked him shortly.

"Mr. Verney and Colonel Pym and Captain Durrant came back some time ago, miss; but the Colonel and Mr. Verney have gone out again with master, I think."

"Which of them?" she inquired carelessly.

"Mr. Verney and Colonel Pym, miss.

"Captain Durrant was going to smoke in the garden, he said."

"Oh!" she said, preserving the same apparent unconcern.

She gathered up her habit with dexterous grace, and went up the steps to the hall-door with listless statelimess, just as if her face were not growing rigid with stern resolve.

Her heart throbbing high at the thought that the hour for which she had been thirsting had come at last.

The man looked after her as she left him with a mixture of admiration and dislike.

"She's a rare one to ride," he soliloquized, "and to look at, too; but I think the gentleman that gets her will have his hands rather too full, for all that."

The oracular shake of the head with which he concluded was perhaps intensified by the sound of a dog's cry of pain.

Miss Durrant had found it lying asleep across her path, and with causeless cruelty had put it to whining flight with a cut of her heavy whip.

The groom paused and listened for a second or two, then led off the panting trembling bay to her much-needed rest, with the comfortable reflection that she would not throw him again for a day or two at least.

CHAPTER XVI.

MEANWHILE, her languid gait changing into one of hasty speed, Katherine crossed the great empty hall, where the sunbeams lay sleepily on the ancient stones and the grim faces of her ancestors looked proudly down upon her loveliness.

She turned into the long side passage leading from it, and so out of the little door into the garden.

As she passed, a serving-man looked up from the silver cup he was cleaning and saw her—otherwise she was unobserved.

Gnats buzzed lazily about her as she passed out again into the open air; now and then came the faint note of a bird, but it was autumn, and the death-like autumnal stillness was not much broken by feathered songsters.

Round her path there lay a wealth of flowers, late though it was in the season, for the gardens of Upton Court were cultivated to the height of then known perfection, and contained in abundance each sweet form of floral life.

Roses clambered up the polished stems of the arbutes, and hung their wreaths of blossom from the boughs.

Great sunflowers turned their heads towards the sinking sun.

Fuchsias, marigolds, larkspurs, lupins, sweet-williams with stiff shapes and faint odors, Michaelmas daisies with their pale hues, presaging wintry death.

All these opened their beauty to the mistress who passed along, exceeding them all in outward loveliness; but, oh, how ugly and deformed in mind!

She noticed none of them; why should she?

She had never loved them in her hours of ease.

How should she think of them, or feel their gentle power of soothing in the hour of her agony?

Beneath her feet the lawns, which Margaret Lindsay knew only as deserted wildernesses, lay like velvet carpets; around her the fountains tossed their crystal plumes into the hushed perfumed air.

The sharply cut yew hedges stretched out their massive expanses; the reddening beeches, the perfection of sylvan grace, dropped their pendant branches to the ground.

She heeded nothing of the marvellous beauty; she saw it not, as she glided on, fierce and desperate, longing only to force a confession of, and then do vengeance for, her wrong—how she was to effect it never entered her savage heart and frenzied brain.

Only of this she was determined—that no man who had injured her should go scathless.

From the top of the flight of steps that led down to the river-terrace she caught sight at last of her whilom lover lounging carelessly on the wall that, at its farther side, guarded it from the steep below.

As she perceived him the scarlet flush deepened in her clear brown cheeks, her hand closed tightly on the whip she had forgotten to lay aside as she passed through the house, a flash of baleful light shot from her dark eyes.

For an instant she stood and watched him, while her breath came hard and fast: then, descending the steps, she swiftly crossed the velvet turf beneath the grand old cedar, passed between the river-gods, at that time white and now, and so paused beside him at last.

So far so good; she knew he could not escape her now.

"A pleasant evening, Charles."

The words, spoken in no pleasant voice, were the first intimation he had of her approach, his back being towards the way she had come, and her light step inaudible on the soft grass.

He started as he heard them, and turned quickly round, to find her confronting him with eyes that moved restlessly from his face to where the river below ran in a strong swollen current, tinged deeply with the brown hue it gathers, so Severn fishers say, when there is much rain in the Welsh hills.

There was that about her which made him feel uncomfortably that something had gone wrong, but he did not consider it would be wise to show he noticed it.

He took his cigar out of his mouth therefore, and answered, in his usual careless manner—

"Not bad, is it?

"Had a pleasant ride?"

"Yes—and no," she replied sullenly.

"Stella been troublesome, eh?

"I heard you were out on her, and you can't expect it to be plain sailing with her, you know.

"You're no end game to ride her.

"I don't believe there's another girl in the county who could sit her for five minutes."

The Captain paid the compliment of set purpose.

He had a man's hatred of scenes; Katherine looked remarkably like one now.

He knew her ability in that line, having watched it with her father and other relatives; he had no desire to develop it at his own expense.

So he praised her horsemanship—not without strict justice.

Yet to do her justice was not the object that he had in view.

So wonderful was her blind passion that, satiated as she was with flattery, the words of commendation had some power to soothe her—ay, though in her heart of hearts she believed him to be false.

"There are people who are much more troublesome to me than Stella," she said, with a touch of plaintiveness.

"I don't care about her; but they are cruel."

Her voice grated a little; the semblance of a tear dimmed for an instant the unnatural brightness of her dark eyes.

He cogitated somewhat uneasily as to the cause of her emotion.

Could she have heard a rumor of the truth?

He did not wish to conceal the truth from her for long—that would be to destroy with the left hand what the right had wrought. But at that hour he felt, he knew not why, a great anxiety to defer its revelation; he told himself the time was not yet ripe for it.

If she had not already guessed how matters stood he would rather not say just then what he had to say.

But what if she had already guessed?

The uncertainty troubled the Captain not a little.

He put a bold front on it nevertheless, and answered carelessly—

"Don't have anything to do with them, then, Kitty.

"That's what I do—I just cut people who bore me."

It was his special pet name for her.

No one used it besides; no one even knew of it but themselves.

Her heart yearned to him at its sound.

"Oh, but," she said passionately, "if the only one we care for treats us so, what are we to do then?"

Those few words of hers dispelled his doubts.

He knew that she had heard.

And he recollected the burning pain, the unmerciful cruelty, of the years long ago. His heart steeled itself; the unpleasant look gathered on his face.

Katherine Durrant might sooner have found mercy from the blind, senseless stream than from the handsome polished gentleman lounging on the low wall over it.

"Grin and bear it, Kitty," he replied, with utter unconcern.

"I've gone through that sort of thing, and I know how it feels.

"Take it calmly, young lady. Let's talk of something else."

As he ended he deliberately lifted his cigar and put it between his lips, as if to show in every possible way his entire want of sympathy with her suppressed yet strong excitement.

The thin curl of blue smoke floated slowly away, and dissipated itself in the still air—as slowly, as carelessly, as even he could have wished.

It was a cruel action. And most cruelty is folly.

"Yes," she said abruptly, after an interval of silence, in a low voice of restrained passion—"yes, let's talk of something else! Will you ride over to Ledbury with me to-morrow morning?

"We'll get rid of all the others, and go—just you and I alone—as we used to do."

"Very sorry to be obliged to decline the pleasure, but I'm off to-morrow morning," he replied, in the same matter-of-fact tone.

"You never told me!" she broke in, in a quick tone of jealous, wounded feeling.

"I'm excessively sorry—I ought to have mentioned it this morning. How awfully impolite!

"I did not know till to-day's post, to tell the truth."

"Where are you going?"

A jealous pang seized and tore her heart as she put her short, imperative question in a voice that would not be denied its answer.

"Sir Thomas Grey's," he began indifferently.

"There's——"

But she interrupted him.

Her whole frame was alive with nervous energy. A strange look leaped into her face.

"Read this!" she cried, and she thrust the fatal letter—the letter that had never left her night or day since she received it—into his hand.

He took it and read it.

His face never relaxed or moved a muscle.

Beneath his golden brown moustache his white teeth set themselves together more firmly.

That was all; and yet at that moment he was feeling in its intensity how sweet is revenge to fallen man.

And he knew that the hour of vengeance—so long looked forward to, so greedily anticipated—had come at last.

Quietly, calmly, he read on to the end, then lifted his relentless smiling eyes to the face which watched him meanwhile in such anguish of expectation.

"Well?" he asked coolly.

She gave a half-stifled cry, wrung from her by the bitter pain.

"Well!" she echoed with despairing vehemence.

"You dare to ask me, 'Well?'" Have you forgotten all this summer?

"Will you say that you don't know what it means? Dare you deny that you have made me love you—you only in the world? It's not my habit to care for people. I'm not one of your amiable people who interest themselves in all the world.

"But for you would I not—ay, have I not—laid my money and my name and my face that men rave about, at your very feet, to be yours, all of them, as absolutely as your horse or dog, or that toy you hold in your hand?

"Have I kept back anything from you? Have I put off braving the weight of my father's anger for any reason but that you still ever counselled delay?

"Fool that I was to credit you!

"And now read that letter saying you are engaged to another woman (I hate her!) and you say 'Well?' as quietly as if it concerned the buying of a dog!"

She had gone on with wild and yet wilder earnestness.

When she came to the part about her love for him a touch of pathos made her voice falter.

It was as if she would have appealed to the compassion which, alas, had no existence!

But as the thought of Miss Grey succeeded and became predominant in her mind, all tone and dream of supplication died away.

Fierce jealousy and savage abhorrence stifled and overcame all softer feelings.

Her slight form shook with constrained passion as she paused at length and waited for his reply.

The violence of her feeling was so far infectious as to intensify that which animated him, wide asunder as the poles though it might be in kind.

He saw her pain; he estimated it correctly by the memory of what he had suffered at her hands in times past.

Measuring it by that guage, he could have no pity.

But he answered lightly, hiding the intensity of his malevolence beneath a veil of easy sarcasm.

"Why should I care more about it than the buying of a dog, Kitty?

"You don't care half that about turning off poor fellows you have beguiled into giving you their hearts.

"I don't suppose you 'dare deny' you know it costs them something. But it has never yet occurred to you that their pain was worth troubling your head about.

"Why, therefore, in the name of all that's logical, should I concern myself about yours?"

He paused for an instant, as if waiting for a reply.

But this time she only gazed at him with wide-open desperate eyes.

Though her breath came hard and fast, she never moved or made a sound.

CHAPTER XVII.

AS his cousin did not speak, Captain Durrant went on.

Underneath his cutting coldness there was a vein of earnestness apparent now, but it was an earnestness very terrible for a woman to hear.

"Why should I care for your trouble, Katherine Durrant?

"Did you care for mine?

"My memory may be too short to remember this summer, but it is long enough to remember the autumn of seven years ago.

"Did you think I had forgotten the lesson you had taught me?

"Did you think I was fool enough to trust the smallest atom of my love to the cruel heartless flirt who, for her pastime, then made ship-wreck of my hopes?

"I loved you then as you can never understand, as you—in your cold, selfish heart—are incapable of loving any one. In the strength of my burning love, I could have laid life itself in those days at your feet.

"Ay, more.

"If the sustained effort of long years is a greater thing than the gathered energy, however convulsive, of a few short moments—I could have done more than that. I could have been content for my very love's sake to have renounced you if it were for your good—been satisfied to have lived apart, treasuring your image in my solitude, though no one could have comforted me for your absence, though my world without your brightness would have been dark indeed.

"Romantic folly, was it not? You cured me of it for life.

"Of it and not of it alone.

"My life is a very different thing from what it would have been if I had had the good luck never to see that lovely, hateful face of yours.

"Base and degraded, I am not yet so lost but that sometimes the blurred vision of what I might have been comes to torment me with its contrast to what I am. And in those moments, when I look at the ruin of my better self, when I think of my wasted years, then I curse in my heart the deceitful enchantress who lured me on to the rocks and left me there to perish for aught she cared!

"The man I was would never have sought to revenge himself.

"The man you have made me has waited and watched, has hungered and thirsted to find the means of vengeance, and has found them at last.

"I was determined that you should love me.

"Your own lips tell me I have succeeded. Now hear me, Katherine Durrant!

"I loved you once, and you scorned my love.

"You love me now, and—I—scorn yours.

"I love you, indeed?

"I hate you, as I hate the ruin you have caused.

"We are quits now, I think, Miss Durrant—you and I!"

Cold, polished, horribly galling came the bitter words.

Bitter as death to the proud, selfish tempestuous woman who was thus reaping the righteous harvest of the sins.

Outwardly, save for her thick hard breathing, they as yet produced no impression.

Shivering inwardly—turning now hot, now cold—she still stood motionless before him during that long speech.

In her heart meanwhile how could he guess the swift growth of the thirst for revenge?

In him it had taken years to mature. In her softer feminine nature it had leapt full-grown to birth.

"Then it is true?" she asked quickly as he ended, in a thick harsh voice, so unlike her usual clear low tones.

Putting down his cigar for the purpose, he took a letter from his pocket and, unfolding it, held it up before her eyes with a sarcastic smile.

"I don't generally show my love-letters; it isn't the correct thing, you know; but

you can see that—it's hardly any ordinary occasion perhaps."

He made no motion to give it into her hands nor she any to take it from him.

She only glanced through it with fierce, hasty eyes.

He, watching her meanwhile, took in lazily the scene before him.

It was a vivid picture—a wonderful realization of material loveliness.

It touched his sense of beauty with a certain refined satisfaction as, behind Katherine's slight form, he saw the sweep of velvet grass, the noble outline of the cedar, the curiously-sculptured marbles, the rainbow hues of the fountains, the sombre arches of the yews, the red ponderous mass of the old house rising beyond them, and, beyond that again, the mass of pasture and plantation, of wood and distant stubble in the gently undulating valley, bounded by the grand blue outline of the Malvern Hills.

Over all the autumnal sun shed a flood of glory as he sank to his rest amidst blood-red clouds behind those purple hills.

And yet all this beauty seemed but as grouped and gathered and disposed as accessories round that central figure in the foreground.

She stood as in her picture—robed in her riding-habit—against the glowing western sky.

Erect and graceful.

A few minutes before she had been bending forward in the vehement eagerness of her pleading.

Face, voice, gesture all alike betraying intense passion.

It was odd that it should be so, but she now stood quite quietly, the folds of her habit drooping from her left hand, the whip Stella had felt so often that day still grasped in her right.

Her face had lost the violent working of the evil passions that had disfigured its beauty.

It differed from its ordinary aspect only in that it was so pale, save for the one spot beneath each eye where the hectic color burnt fiercely.

Her dark lustrous eyes were unnaturally large and bright; but that did but enhance their loveliness.

Those handsome mocking ones opposite, which met her straining gaze so carelessly, took cool note of and acknowledged all that.

Yes, they noted that, but they could not note, because they did not know, that every muscle of that slight graceful frame was rigid with suppressed passion; that the strong broadcloth must have given way like a flimsy rag ere it could have been parted from the grasp of one little brown hand; that the silver mount of the riding-whip was held as in a vice by the other.

They did not perceive that she was the embodiment of a fierce wild cat as she stood there—lovely in the lovely light—as lithe and graceful, ay, and as ruthless and cruel.

And yet, perhaps, they ought to have perceived.

For there comes to every man one hour of which it is said the near approach purges even his material vision.

But the pitiless man before her, as he read her face, saw only that he had won his triumph.

Full revenge was his; despair, horrible pain were hers.

Ay, Charles Durrant might look well at that tortured face.

He knew it not, but it was his closing scene.

His eyes would see no more till death was past.

And she—she saw him lounging there on the low wall over the river; his manner carelessly unconcerned; a calm, provoking smile on the handsome face that had no love for her, not even the commonest human sympathy to answer her wild yearning, but instead great hatred and bitter scorn, and evil triumph.

With burning eyes, from which all trace of moisture had passed away, she read the words he held on high before her. Thus they ran, written in a girlish hand—

"I don't know how you ever came to choose such a foolish little thing as I to be your wife; but, indeed, my darling, no one can ever love you half as well as—Your own little

"ADELA."

She saw only those few words. All else was mist and darkness while each went to her heart with a fierce stab of pain. Oh, agony not tamely to be endured! Oh, savage, undisciplined nature, vitiated by years of self-indulgence, brooking no opposition, new to the touch of scorn, maddened by cruel jealousy, writhing with wounded love!

For one minute the thought of what might have been—herself the happy wife of a noble man, helping him to work out his life's work with honor and success—swept through her, breaking her heart with its sharp contrast to that which was. And then at last, driven home to her in that supreme and final hour, came the burning knowledge that but for herself this would have been; that if she had so willed it she might have had the happiness that now never more, by any sacrifice, might be hers; that her words and deeds had fashioned for her this weight of woe, so unendurable, and yet which must be borne—unless—unless

---

Her glowing eyes reverted to his face.

He could in that moment watch the bright clouds behind those purple hills.

She was conscious of nothing but her misery and his presence, as she stood panther-like before him, the low breath hissing between her clenched teeth, the passionate energy of revengeful hate gathering in every slender limb.

One long minute they waited thus face to face in the deep silence.

Then a blackbird burst out, in its mellow evening trill, from a bush close at hand. As if the bird's sudden song had broken the spell that bound him, Charles Durrant laughed in her face a long laugh of fiendish scorn.

That laugh was the one breath needed to set in motion that hardly-restrained flood of passion.

At its sound the last cords of self-control snapped asunder.

She uttered a low cry of smothered rage.

Then springing at him, lithe and graceful pitiless and savage, true wild cat to the core, she dashed her heavy hunting-whip across his eyes.

"Traitor, coward!" she hissed.

"Because I had no brother dared you do this?

"Be it so.

"You shall take at least some mark of this day's work, with my blessing, to that dear Adela of yours!"

Confused by the sudden attack, blinded with the pain, throwing his hands up to ward off the cruel blows that fell in merciless succession on his face, he, in his efforts to avoid them, swayed too far back, and lost his balance on the wall.

She, seeing it, offered him no help.

For dear life he wrestled.

That life two days ago outweighed to her all else in heaven and earth, and now she would not reach out a finger to save him, would not for an instant relax her savage blows—nay, too horrible almost to tell, it was her arm finally which in her passionate fury ended the conflict, finally pushed him down into the gulf below.

With his last cry ringing through the air, he fell with cruel force first on to the impaling lamp-crowns of the Severn statue; then to the little quay below—not to rest there!

Somehow, in his half-frantic, half-convulsive movements, he rolled off its narrow ledge into the broad river.

The swift, brown stream had fast hold of the maimed, half-conscious man.

The cold waters surged into ears and mouth and over the fire of his wounded eyes.

One vain struggle more with the agony of suffocation, and Katherine Durrant's only love went down, slain by her own hands, into the hidden depths of the tranquilly-flowing stream which shone so peacefully from afar in the last rays of the sinking sun.

With starting eyes, with features transformed by fury, the murderess, leaning from the terrace, watched the death-struggles of her victim till, in the depth of the motionless silence which succeeded, the terrible import of what she had done struck upon her heart, till she felt that all happiness so far as she was concerned had died with him—that Cain's mark was on her brow, unending fire kindled in her heart. With chilling horror of it she tossed away the blood-stained whip, far as she could throw it, into the same turgid waters that had already entombed her lover.

Well for her that she did so!

The action may have saved her from the gallows.

Yet the perception of her own danger had had no share in it, only a sick loathing of everything concerned in her gigantic crime.

Then, overpowered by remorse and despair, she staggered away from the fatal parapet, and, with outstretched arms and a long, moaning cry, fell senseless to the ground.

The tragedy that pride and selfishness had wrought was nearly ended.

The curse had lighted upon Upton Court.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS DURRANT did not lie long on the terrace.

Cator, who was at that time a footman, was even then searching the grounds for her with a message from her father.

He it was who had alone seen her pass out into the garden on her return from her ride.

It was he now who perceived her fall, and had hastened to bring help.

That hoarse death-cry also had been heard, and men gathered round to bear the pale, young lady in her swoon to the house and to wonder with awed voices over the marks on the little quay below the terrace.

The red sun sank behind the hills.

The peaceful evening closed around.

Its quiet seemed but to intensify by force of contrast the horror of the mystery it enshrined.

In the house Katherine lay unconscious.

Without, they began to discover that Captain Durrant was missing—that he had been last believed to be in the garden—that Miss Durrant had been told he was there.

A blind suspicion came into men's minds a vague misgiving, one to the majority never to take distincter shape.

To become clearly defined only to two or three.

Yet, none the less surely because so intangible, to cling like a pestilential mist round Upton Court.

But, little as they might gather from them otherwise, those ghastly stains close down to the water's edge pointed incontestably to one thing.

And all that night, with lurid torches breaking the gloom, men dragged the river while a messenger, galloping hard through the lonely darkness of the country roads, bore from Mr. Durrant to the father of the lost man the tidings of the vague, terrible disaster.

The search was long.

The sun was rising with clear beams on the earth before the dead body, with its bruised head, was lifted from the dragnets.

Hardly sooner had returning consciousness stolen back to Katherine's eyes.

Her father, bending over her with anxious care, could yet hardly check the questions which filled his mind.

But the slightest allusion to the events of the past day threw her into such agitation that he was obliged to forbear, having gained from the experiment only the certainty that his daughter knew, at least in some measure, how her cousin's disappearance had come to pass.

And from receiving that unwelcome knowledge he was straightway called to meet the mangled corpse of his nephew as it was borne into the halls of his ancestors.

Truly that day was awful in the intensity of the anguish it brought to the proud old man.

All through it Katherine lay almost as the senseless dead body in its darkened chamber.

No word would she speak.

She turned her wan face to the wall, and seemed wrapped in a cloud of fearful memories, far more real and living to her than anything then passing in her room. Towards nightfall her brain gave way with the exceeding misery.

Then indeed speech returned to her, but it was well that before this her father had been sufficiently prepared for what might happen to exclude from her chamber every one but the old housekeeper.

Well that there was no one to listen to the utterances of her delirium!

It was while gathering his nephew's effects into his possession, that he might deliver them entire and unharmed into his father's care, that Mr. Durrant had seen a note in his daughter's handwriting which, he conceived, he had a right to read.

Needless to say that to read one was to read all.

They opened to him a state of things of which he had been hitherto profoundly ignorant.

More than this, the man Cator had handed to him the letter which had given Katherine the ill-fated news of her lover's engagement, and which he had found lying on the terrace beside her unconscious form.

Read by the light of her passionate love-letters it had now a terrible significance.

Coupled with them it laid bare the tragedy so far that only her delirious ravings were required to complete his knowledge of that which bowed him to the earth.

All that night he watched alone, for he dared let none other come within earshot of his unlucky daughter.

Through it no semblance of sleep or rest came to her as she lay tossing to and fro on her bed or pacing up and down her room with weary feet, hardly to be quieted even by him, never to be comforted.

Saying, as her brain gave way before the unendurable mental torture, that which might have consigned her to a felon's death and which his blood ran cold to hear.

He bore it all and did his part as strong, brave men know how, but the rack itself would have been ease compared with what he suffered.

He was worn and aged by twenty years when in the clear light of the next early morning he was summoned to meet in his brother the father of the victim of his child.

Colonel Durrant's grief for his son was no slight and ordinary thing, yet any called to judge between the men would have said it was the older who suddenly, in that dreadful way, had lost his firstborn.

It was a terrible meeting between those two.

Yet more terrible explanation when they had gone together to the death-chamber where that firstborn lay, pale and rigid, with the livid bruises on his once handsome sweet face.

They had read together those wild notes of Katherine's.

Then Mr. Durrant had to look the bereaved father straight in the face and say—

"Edward, you have been wronged.

"But, for pity's sake—for our mother's sake—spare me in sparing my child—my only child!

"You have other sons, and they comfort you.

"But, as for me, my gray hairs will go down in sorrow to the grave.

"I should never have thought it possible, and it may be that even you cannot believe it now, but I would to Heaven that Katherine were lying dead beside your poor boy up-stairs."

And at the sight of his bent, tottering frame and poor worn face, instinct in every line with anguished supplication, Colonel Durrant's first fierce craving for revenge relented.

For very pity's sake he could do no less than grant the prayer urged by so great a grief, and promise to spare his niece for her father's sake, pledging himself that the secret of the family dishonor should be known to the family alone.

Slowly, slowly, in sad duties and meditations, passed away that day to the dwellers in Upton Court.

Slowly fell at length the night, bringing for them in its bosom another scene of horror.

That same morning had apparently calmed Katherine, restoring to her her reason.

As she had been the previous day so she was again.

The restlessness and delirium of the night had vanished together.

She still kept her bed, but she lay there immovable, though her great dark eyes were full of such hopeless despair and misery as are not often to be seen on a human countenance, and a fit of shuddering, which she could by no means suppress, swept over her now and then.

One thought occupied all her mind, to which she nevertheless could not give expression—one question which must be answered, and yet she dared not ask it.

Was he found, and how?

Dead or alive?

Was there a possibility that he yet lived?

A fierce thirst for some reply seized her, though she knew well she should find comfort in none.

That wonderful feeling we call parental love had survived in Mr. Durrant's heart even under the burden of such shame and desolation as she had heaped upon his head.

Mingled with his inconsolable wretchedness at the thought of what she had done there was also a lesser pain at the sight of her bodily suffering.

He bent over the form of his once idolised daughter, expressing his gratitude for her renewed consciousness.

But his solicitude had no power to soothe her, brought no tears to relieve the burning misery of those wide-opened eyes.

"What was it that made you so ill?"

An irresistible impulse forced the words from his lips, though he dreaded to hear what she might utter in response.

But she said nothing.

She shivered without reply.

"Listen!" he went on.

"I want you to answer me.

"Did Charles fall into the water?

"Katherine, we do not understand, and we must know."

Still she was mute.

"Did he fall?" he persisted unpityingly.

Her lips formed the syllable—"Yes."

"How?"

"You will drive me mad!" she broke out with sudden fierceness.

She looked so like it that he gave way. After all, why should he care to learn the details of the sad tragedy?

Better leave the veil undrawn, especially now that her manner of replying to his questions was killing in him the last gleam of hope.

His heart sank like lead as he turned from her bedside.

Hers grew more despairing—if that were possible.

Did Charles live to reproach and expose her, or was he dead, to involve her perchance also in his death?

"Where is Captain Durrant?" she asked her attendant abruptly that evening.

Longer uncertainty had become a thing impossible to her.

The unexpected question took the woman unawares.

She knew not rightly what to say, and, losing her presence of mind, replied with hesitating embarrassment—

"In his room, I believe, ma'am."

It was the truth which she had answered in her agitated surprise.

But a truth the reality of which was ghastly.

"How is he?"

"Dear, miss, what questions you ask? How should I know?"

"How is he?" Katherine repeated, in the old, imperious tone which in past days none had dared to withstand.

"I'll ask when I go to supper," was all the answer she received.

The visionary idea that Charles yet lived faded into the darkness of the certainty of blood-guiltiness as she heard it.

"He is dead," she muttered, and dropped the subject outwardly.

But as she lay there, silent in her misery a wild thought entered her brain. She would go and see him in his room.

With the cunning of one already nearly a maniac, she lay so quietly, so composedly that the old housekeeper thought she might venture to leave her for an half-hour's absence without troubling her master to take her place.

She was relieved on her return to find that the event had apparently justified her course of action, for her young mistress had never stirred whilst she was away; and not only so, but she wholly refrained from a renewal of the inconvenient questions about Captain Durrant, which it was impossible to answer truly in her present precarious state.

She did not know how keenly Katherine had debated in her mind whether she should take advantage of this short absence to carry out her scheme, and how she would most certainly have done so had she not finally resolved to defer its execution till the hours of rest should give her a better chance of doing so undisturbed and unbaffled.

She little thought what she was facilitating when she told Mr. Durrant that she thought her young lady was so much better and more tranquil that she would need no one to sit up with her—that it would be sufficient if she herself slept within call on a bed in her dressing-room.

But so it was, and Katherine gained the end of her forced composure by finding herself left comparatively unguarded for the night.

With senses unnaturally acute, she listened till every footstep had died away, and the last mourner sought repose, listened till the breathing of the old woman in the adjacent room grew regular and heavy. Then she rose, and—with noiseless step,

hushed breath, and brilliant, fever-lighted eyes—stole out into the corridor. She knew well enough which had been her cousin's chamber. Nothing connected with him was too trifling to be forgotten by her. It was not uncertainty on this score that made her pause and hesitate half-way up the long corridor. Not so, but the sudden fancy—solitary indication, perhaps, amidst all her subtle cunning, of the unsettled state of her brain—that her father, or the uncle the sight of whom she dreaded, would meet and stop her if she advanced a dozen paces farther.

It was strong enough to bar her progress in this direction, but too weak, needless to say, to induce her to relinquish that on which she had set her heart.

One minute was enough to suggest another means of attaining it to the unnaturally quick perception of her overstrained mind.

She turned and glided stealthily back to her own room, through the dressing-room, where the old housekeeper moaned and tossed heavily on her couch as she passed, but never woke; and so on, through one ancient apartment after another, connected by more than one closet which in dangerous times had given safe biding to hunted fugitives, she drew near that which in after days one, then a maiden in the fair south country, was to assign for sleeping-room to another as yet unborn.

All around was the desolation of dreariness and darkness.

Without, the autumnal wind was raising wild lament; within the unvarying moonbeams lay pencilling the floor.

She herself was in perfect keeping with that desolate scene, looking more like a ghost than one having flesh and blood; her pale face hidden in the disordered masses of her raven hair, the white drapery falling in long folds from her tall slight form, the fearful look of incipient mania in her gleaming, restless eyes.

She paused at the door of that which she knew in her heart was a death-chamber.

It was bolted; but she undid the intricate old fastenings with dexterous, eager fingers, and went in.

The gloom of the night was deeper here, the blinds were down, the furniture arranged with careful, cold precision; down the centre of the untumbled bed one long, slight, straight elevation.

She drew up the blind, crossed over to the bed, and, by the cold light of the moonbeams, raised the sheet from the dead face and looked at it—looked at her handiwork and her brain reeled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wrong Address.

BY HENRY PRITH.

GOOD morning, Jennie!

"The gray mare and I have come to ask you to drive with us to Nickford, on this lovely day.

"How soon can you be ready?"

The speaker, a young handsome fellow of some four and twenty years stood in the open doorway of Jennie Russel's exquisitely-kept dairy.

He wore a morning suit of a coarse tweed whose cut, however, betrayed it city-made, and there was about him a certain air which betokened him accustomed to city ways.

The girl who lifted up a bright, winsome face, with a half-start at his unexpected appearance, was engaged in deftly skimming the rich, yellow cream with her own little fingers, neither white nor tapering, and though the great brown eyes lighted with gladness, they failed to give her beauty.

A sweet, true face it was, pretty at times—at times aglow with something better than beauty, but never beautiful.

"Thank you, Allen," she answered.

"I'll go, with pleasure, and will not keep you and the mare five minutes."

True to her word, within that time the two were comfortably seated in the high-wheeled dog-cart, and a flicker of the whip had given the signal for departure.

Well pleased, Jennie's mother watched them from an upper window.

Allen Rutger was the young squire.

He had been educated in a great college far away, and money without stint had been lavished upon him.

But he had studied hard, and when he had returned home, too honest a love was in his heart for the acres which had been so many years the heritage of his family for him to wish to live elsewhere than upon them.

Neither had he forgotten his little playmate, and though, socially, a wide gulf yawned between him and simple little Jennie Russel, love has bridged many wide chasms and Mrs. Russel sagely suspected that the little god was already busy with the young man's heart.

"I'm so glad you came to-day, Allen," said Jennie naively, "for I've a great piece of news to tell you.

"We're to have boarder this summer—a young girl like myself.

"She has been ill, and is to come to us for quiet.

"I am so anxious to see her!

"Early this morning I was arranging the room which is to be hers, and making it as pretty as I could.

"You are so good to me, Allen, you'll try to make it sometimes pleasant for her, won't you?"

"What you call being good to you, Jennie, is being good to myself.

"You forget that it will be all the harder to make it pleasant to this stranger, because she will interfere with our own happy, quiet hours.

"For one, I don't like her coming at all.

"More and more, Jennie, I want you all to myself.

"Why is it, I wonder?"

And he turned towards her with a tender smile, to which her sole reply was a crimson wave.

But she spoke no more of the stranger's coming, which late the next afternoon became an accomplished fact.

As she drove up to the farmhouse in Mr. Russel's wagon, Jennie stood in the open doorway to greet her.

But somehow the words she had meant to utter died away, and a strange shyness took possession of her.

Two enormous trunks filled the wagon, from which the seats had been taken to make room for them.

Though the dress the young lady wore was quiet in color and in make, it was wholly different from anything Nellie had ever seen, and somehow reminded her, in the difference between it and her own, of the nameless difference she had detected between Allen and the other young men of the place.

But the wearer of the garments would lend the plainest costume grace.

Never had Jennie beheld anything so beautiful as the colorless face, lighted by the great blue eyes, and the little head crowned by a mass of rippling, golden hair.

The figure was tall and slender.

One ungloved hand was faultlessly white, and sparkling with wonderful jewels.

"I hope your journey has not tired you very much?" ventured Jennie, wistfully.

"I am always tired," replied Miss Carrol.

And the low voice held in it a tone of perpetual weariness.

How tiny the pretty room looked assigned their guest when herself and her two great trunks filled it!

But she languidly expressed her appreciation of it, as, reclining on the sofa, Jennie herself served her with the dainty supper prepared for her, and which she was too exhausted to take in the room below.

Three days passed before Allen and Miss Carrol met.

She was half-buried in a great arm-chair one lovely morning, when he stole up behind her, thinking it was his little companion.

"Come, little girl!" he said.

"The mare and I have been cheated long enough."

And then a pair of blue, surprised eyes glanced up at him, and two red lips uttered a tiny little scream.

At that instant Jennie entered, and the formal presentation was made.

Allen laughingly expressed contrition for his mistake.

Miss Carrol graciously accepted his apologies.

But the blue eyes grew less sleepy, and the pretty, golden head had meditated certain satisfactory thoughts that the country promised to be less dull than she had anticipated, and that she was by no means sorry that she had that morning bedecked herself in a very becoming white, embroidered dress.

Allen and Jennie had their drive, but the former was more quiet than his wont, and he spoke no more of his regret at Miss Carrol's coming.

Nor, as the days merged into weeks, did Jennie need again to ask him to make it less dull for her guest.

Sometimes a strange, new pang shot through her heart, and into the brown eyes would creep a look of infinite sadness, as her place beside Allen and behind the old gray mare would be filled by another, and she could not but see how content he was that it should be so.

It was not all idle jealousy, but Jennie had learned the shallow, heartless nature of the girl who had bewitched him with her beauty and her grace.

She had seen her flash into quick passion when some dress, tried for the first time, failed to fit.

Had he known how dull and listless she was until Allen's coming quickened her into life; had been herself the martyr to her thoughtlessness and her great selfishness.

But none of this could she tell to Allen—not even when one day he came to her, with more of the old Allen than she had seen of late in his manner, and with a warm glow of happiness on his face, which made her own heart beat madly for a moment, and then stop quite still, as he explained to her (his nearest and best friend, he said) its cause.

He had asked Miss Carrol to marry him, and she was his promised wife.

Somehow the poor little girl hid her own thoughts with a brave smile as she wished him happiness, but that night no sleep came to the brown eyes, and her pillow was wet with her tears.

In September Miss Carrol left them, but another gem was added to her stock of jewels, and she wore it on the third finger of her left hand—the finger they say from which runs a vein direct to the heart.

The weeks that followed were very hard for Jennie to bear, for into her ear Allen poured all his lover's rhapsodies.

Every day he came to the farm, but he could talk of nothing but the beauty and perfection of his future wife.

Poor little Jennie!

She early learned the lesson few women are spared—teaching her lips to smile while her soul writhed in agony.

But Jennie's revenge, if her generous nature could have harbored such a thought was near at hand.

Christmas was fast approaching, when one day Allen, as usual, came unannounced into the cheery little sitting-room.

The smile died on her face as she looked into his and saw it white and set and stern.

"Allen!" she cried; "what is it? What has happened?"

"Read that!" he answered, and tossed a crested sheet of paper upon her lap.

Wonderingly she unfolded and read it through.

Thus it ran—

"I wrote you last summer, dearest, of a flirtation in the country with a man a kindly fate threw in my path—a flirtation I foolishly allowed to run into an engagement—though, of course, no one here suspects the truth, and really the boy (he is hardly more than a boy) was so desperately in earnest that I could not help myself.

"After all it makes no difference.

"Engagements, happily, are easily broken and when I tell you what Louis Latrobe has written papa that he is coming to pay us a fortnight's visit at Christmas, you will understand there is a prospect of my at last sharing the fate with some others which have preceded it.

"You know, of course, how immensely rich Mr. Latrobe is.

"His father in early life has made some sort of obligation to papa.

"And how, if we should happen to fall in love, it would be a charming termination to the old friendship between them.

"Of course, I am prepared to be a willing victim.

"I have seen his picture.

"He is very handsome, and such wealth, ma chere!

"I could outrival all my friends.

"Unfortunately, Allen writes me that he intends spending Christmas with me, too, and fills his letters with all a lover's rhapsodies.

"Of course, I do not wish to break my engagement with him (really, he is not at all a bad parti, and I have rather a sentimental liking for him) until I know something of Mr. Latrobe's intentions.

"Therefore I have written him (Allen) a letter I shall send by this post, telling him mamma is quite ill (she has a very bad cold), and asking him to postpone coming until January, when I can see more of him.

"More or less it will be, according to developments.

"But naturally I shall not dwell upon the latter possibility.

"Now, my dear, after unburdening to you my heart and conscience, I feel it lightened of a load.

"Do you wonder the responsibility was too great to bear alone?"

Jennie could read no more.

With a face as white as Allen's own, she uplifted it from the sheet which, unconsciously, she crushed in her right hand with a gesture of contempt.

"Allen!" she almost gasped.

"What does it all mean?

"I—I can't understand it."

"It means that Miss Carrol's usual sagacity failed her, and she put the letter intended for her friend in the envelope addressed to me.

"It means that Heaven has been kinder to me than I deserve."

Then, suddenly breaking down, he dropped into a chair and bowed his head on his arms.

"Heaven help me!" he said.

"I have been tottering on the brink of ruin, and thought I stood on the threshold of heaven!"

No words could comfort him, Jennie knew, and, forgetful of herself, she crossed to his side and laid her little hand lightly on the chestnut hair.

He put up his own and drew it down to his lips.

It was the first caress he had ever given her.

From that day Miss Carrol's name was never spoken between them, save when once a letter came from her.

Allen had redirected the letter he had received through a mistake, and sent it back to her.

She had sent no reply until Mr. Louis Latrobe had come and gone, when, believing her own power infinite, she had written to recall him—

"It was all a sorry jest, Allen," she said.

"I sent you the letter purposely to try you, and then determined to punish your belief in my perfidy by my silence.

"Why, Mr. Latrobe is engaged to be married, and came to us for our congratulations.

"I knew it all the time.

"Don't be unbelieving, dear—and above all things, in my love.

"When may I expect you?"

The new year had dawned when this letter came, and, like the first, he brought and put it into Jennie's hand.)

"Will you send the reply, Jennie?" he asked.

"What shall I say?" she wonderingly answered.

"That I have been blind, and suddenly see.

"Blinded by her beauty, I forgot a truth I had already learned—that my heart was never hers to break, for it belonged to you, Jennie.

"I don't deserve you, dearest, but if you will give yourself to me, I will try to make you happy as my wife.

"I will not ask you to write to Miss Carrol, dear, but for answer let me enclose our wedding-cards.

"Perhaps Mr. Louis Latrobe's will come to her by the same post."

Which, by a strange coincidence, proved to be the case.

Gertie.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

WERE you ever at Mattie's Garden?

Of course, the name brings before you a scene brilliant with color of rose and bloom of lily; clusters of daffodils and carnations, the fragrance of mignonette and the sweet breath of violets, the song of birds, and the murmur of bees.

Yet the color, the bloom and the music are all there.

It is the music of summer seas singing tenderly day and night songs of the sea to the constant shore.

All day long the eye can revel in depths and depths of blue, and at sunrise and sunset the sea blooms with the glory of a bride adorned for her husband.

For Mattie's Garden is an island on the blue ocean.

It was the saints of the earth that first spied out the land and saw that it was good.

Here, in the dreamy summer-time, they pitched their tents, and built a tabernacle, and prayed and sang and were happy, and here, summer after summer, they still come.

But the sinners have also found out the goodliness of the place.

Here many a weary toiler of the earth has felt the cool moist hand of the sea, like the caressing touch of a mother to his fevered brow; and here, along the broad bluff, by the summer moonlit sea, they, too, make and exchange vows, and perchance find a peace that passeth understanding.

Beautiful little cottages without number, of the fashion of the world, have taken the place of the tents, the snug little harbor is white with the snowy sails of yachts; and, night after night, in the spacious parlors of the "Sea View House," merry feet kept time to the music of the merry waltz.

A number of us had drifted together there in the summer past.

Mrs. Smith, Gertie McVickar's aunt, had a cottage there, and where Miss McVickar went, somehow or other, a number of the rest of us always "happened" to congregate.

We had become so accustomed to each other's companionship, that the circle seemed broken if any one was absent.

There was Mrs. Smith, a magnificently preserved woman, with white hair, and a complexion like a baby, whose whole heart was set on her niece's making a brilliant marriage, and a "brilliant" match with Mrs. Smith meant brilliant in money.

Mr. Smith's home was among the handsomest in the world—blue and gold and lace, but so beautifully arranged that the effect was exquisite; and when Gertie entered the room—she had the prettiest way of entering a room of any woman I ever knew—there seemed nothing wanting, and she the fairest picture in it.

Gertie was about—well, she never told her age herself, so I suppose it's none of our business, and I won't do it; but she had been out for more than one season, and Snipkins who was always in love with her, used to say she was "no chicken;" but she never looked older than she did the first winter Mrs. Smith brought her out.

She was tall and lissome and stately, every movement grace, with eyes as blue as the blue sea, and her hair one mesh of tangled sunshine; a mouth, like the Beatrice de Cenci, full of pearls—all her own, too—and the most innocent way of looking you directly in the eyes.

She had always a train of admirers, and was responsible for considerable mischief; for she had refused more than one offer, and at last it had become understood and tacitly admitted, even amongst her friends, that, although it would scarcely do to call so lovely a girl as Miss McVicker cold and calculating and avaricious, still nothing but the most "brilliant" match, in Mrs. Smith's sense of the term, would satisfy her ambition.

When Gertie's father, who was supposed to be wealthy, died, it was found that he had been living up to his income, and the little penniless orphan was taken charge of by Aunt Smith, who brought her up on silk dresses and laces and diamonds, and the worldliest of worldly teachings.

There was a time when—I may as well confess it here—I was very fond of Miss McVickar myself, and I am not sure but I should have been added to the list of scalps that graced that young lady's belt, had not fate seemed to will that Howard Duke—a distant cousin of hers, and who presumed on his relationship to be always at Mrs. Smith's—was ever in the way.

Not even in the little graveyard consecrated to lovers, could I miss him, and I verily believed at the time that, had Miss McVicker taken the wings of the morning and flown to the uttermost parts of the earth, and I had flown after her, as I certainly should, even there would I have found Howard Duke.

Once I thought indeed that I had a chance.

I saw her tripping lightly through Dulham Woods with her drawing materials and her portable easel, and I stepped forward eagerly, resolved to have a word.

But no!

Howard Duke leaped out by the trees, and he had, in fact, only delayed to pick for her some wild flowers; and I was *de trop* in a moment.

He was a tall, noble-looking fellow, of excellent family and social position, but always in a state of chronic impecuniosity, with a weakness for paying attention to heiresses.

I used to think that one bond of the sympathy between him and Gertie.

I remember once when Miss McVickar asked for my picture.

"I want your picture, Mr. Rogers," she said to me, "and I want an imperial one, too, with your face turned just a trifle more than three-quarters; there, like that."

And I had it taken, and sent to her; and one evening, shortly after, when I called, she said:

"Mr. Rogers, I want to show you your picture, framed."

And she went upstairs and brought down the most exquisite little easel, all ebony and gilt, that Howard Duke had given her one Christmas, and there, in a frame of garnet velvet, hung my picture.

"Quite a handsome work of art," remarked Mr. Duke, who happened to be present, as usual, and for once I agreed with him.

The witchery of Gertie's eyes and fascination of her conversation had a serious effect upon me.

It was very shortly afterwards that I determined to run up and see the "work of art" once more, and who knows what might have happened, for at my solitary dinner at the club I was thinking very seriously of the past and dreaming of the future, and constant in my dreams was the thought how much better than lonely club dinners would be a home, over whose table would preside a queenly figure, with a glory of golden hair, when my dreams were suddenly shattered by Snipkins.

Snipkins was a very short, thick, little man, with ugly teeth, and a voice like a bass drum, and a nose like a red pepper.

He did nothing for a living, and had plenty of time to do it in, and seemed to enjoy doing it very well.

He had been giving a club dinner to a few choice friends, and, having got to the champagne, was in what he was accustomed to call his "regular four o'clock condition."

"Boys," he suddenly burst out with, "I say Miss McVickar has been teasing me for my picture for some time, and last night when I called, she had it framed and hung on an easel in the parlor, I suppose a fellow's got to settle down some time, and ——"

And what further Snipkins might have said the world will never know, for Will Burgess broke in with a mighty roar:

"She had mine there last Tuesday."

"I've been there, too," said Granby solemnly, and then the boys all laughed and roared in chorus.

I rejoiced to see Snipkins mortified, for I had never got even with him since the night of the last annual ball.

But I am getting far away from Mattie's Garden.

Nannie Wilson was spending her first season there.

Nannie's little, plump, petite figure was in pretty contrast to Gertie's stately one.

Her voice was soft as the falling of rose leaves when she sang her little ballads full of depths and shadows.

Her eyes and hair were soft and brown, her little dimpled cheeks and hands were brown with the kisses of the sun and sea, and the sea-bloom had crept into and hidden itself and nestled lovingly in her cheeks and lips.

When she bathed she wore a brown bathing-suit, and was all brown with the exception of two little feet white as the Alpine snows.

Altogether she made as pretty a picture of a little brown Undine as you could fancy.

Nannie was very wealthy: and although every one supposed that she and Will Burgess were attached to each other, and knew how fond old Wilson (Nannie's father) used to be of the boy, and how he died with a blessing for them both on his lips, still Howard Duke's attentions to her at Mattie's Garden were very marked.

No man could be more fascinating than he when he tried.

And a coolness had sprung up between little Nannie and Mr. Burgess, who appeared to be laying siege to the dangerous batteries of Miss McVickar's affections—or was it the other way?—and Aunt Smith, looking on, was all smiles and gaiety and contentment.

For Mr. Burgess was not only a young man of old family, but good position.

It was at a dance at the "Sea View" that things first took this unexpected shape.

Miss McVickar, resplendent in blue and diamonds, with Howard Duke as a partner, were opposite to Miss Wilson, who looked very sweet in white and pearls, and Will Burgess.

After the dance Will got Nannie a seat, and Howard Duke brought Miss McVickar up.

That young lady remarked that Howard was dancing even worse that usual, and coolly told Mr. Burgess that she had booked him for the next dance.

And Mr. Burgess was everything but displeased at the idea of being thus appropriated, whilst Howard laughed, and said that, with Miss Wilson's permission, a little sensible chat with her would be far pleasanter.

But her little red lip pouted when the dance was followed by the succeeding one, and Will came back with a tea-rose from Miss McVickar's bosom in his button-hole to claim her.

"She was engaged to Mr. Duke," she said, very chillily for her; and when the evening was through, and the ladies threw on their wraps for a moment to listen to the ceaseless murmur of the waves, it was Howard Duke who took care of Miss Wilson, and Mr. Burgess of Miss McVickar.

And so it continued right along.

The peaceful summer was drifting by.

And "everybody knew," from their bearing and companionship, it was all "settled" between little Nannie and Howard Duke, and Will Burgess and Miss McVickar.

One day they four went out sailing in a little close-rigged boat, the Witch of the Wave.

How it happened was a mystery, for Howard Duke was a master at managing a boat, but coming out of the harbor a sudden squall caught her, and in a moment there were four figures floundering in the water, the next, four figures clinging to an upturned boat.

But Miss McVickar's clasp had failed her, and we saw her golden head sink below the waves.

Only for a moment, however, for she was quickly rescued, and again there was an upturned boat tossing on the angry waves, with four figures clinging to its sides.

In less time than I can tell you Snipkins and a boatman had a boat out and were making for them, and soon they were all safe on shore.

But what is this?

In the moment of danger the positions had become reversed.

It was Howard Duk's arm that was thrown around Gertie McVickar and he kept it there rather unnecessarily all the way up to the hotel, as if he were more than anxious everyone should see it; and little Nannie was nestled close to Will Burgess, and their eyes looked so bright, and they all looked so happy, that Snipkins very appropriately called them "a procession of April showers."

I did not see any of them until evening, and then Howard Duke sought me out.

There was a happy light in his eyes.

"Old fellow," said he, "there's no use struggling against fate, and I'm the happiest man in the whole wide world.

"Gertie and I are to be married. Just think of it!

"All these years we've been hungry and athirst, traveling in the wilderness, when right before us was the promised land.

"This seems our first real birthday, for the sunshine has at last not only entered, but filled our hearts.

"It will be tight squeezing at first.

"Yet," continued Howard, "love will carry us through.

"We are going down to an old aunt of Gertie's, who lives at Malden, and have it all settled in two weeks.

"I wanted it to be to-morrow.

"We've wasted years enough, God knows; but she insisted on two weeks, and I want you and Snipkins to stand up with me."

Of course, Aunt Smith raved and stormed of defying Providence; but in two weeks there was a happy, quiet wedding in the quaint little old-fashioned town of Malden.

Howard looked very proud and noble, and Gertie younger and happier and prettier than ever before.

And I shall not soon forget the tender words of the grey-haired man of God who united them.

"My children," said he, "life is a great poem, and religion, love, friendship, and music are the sweetest of its stanzas. May your united lives be complete."

Next winter there is to be a grand wedding at Grace Church, and the bride will be a little brown sea-maiden, with sea-bloom in her cheeks and tender love-lit eyes.

Heaven bless her!

The Squire's Offer.

BY HENRY FRITH.

PRISCILLA—always called Cilly—Vanness sat under the arbor apparently reading a novel.

She was thinking of certain words that Jack Hadaway said to her, and she liked Jack Hadaway very much.

"Cilly!" cried a gruff voice from the kitchen.

Cilly put down her novel and entered the kitchen.

"Well, Cilly," said her grandfather, not looking at her, but at the ceiling, "I have good news for you.

"Squire Scrawley made me an offer for you last night.

"He wants to marry you.

"He's the richest man in the place, and, of course, you'll say yes."

"Of course I'll say no!" replied Cilly, promptly.

"A tipsy old man, who had had two wives already!"

"Holty-tolty!

"Refuse an offer like that!

"But I'll not allow it!

"You're to marry him this day two months!"

Cilly burst into tears.

Grandma followed her example; but neither dared to say another word.

When Grandfather Hardscrabble was angry he did not stop at blows.

It was a great many years ago, and girls were not so independent as they are to-day.

Cilly was broken-hearted, and she told Jack Hadaway so.

Jack urged her to run away with him; but she refused with horror.

"He is fit for no woman to marry. He drinks like a fish," said Jack.

The wedding-dress was bought, the bonnet, the veil, and the gloves, and the day approached when Squire Scrawley was to marry his pretty young bride.

It was the custom in the part of the country in which all these people lived to have a supper the night before the wedding.

It would have been considered a very coarse affair in these days, but the board was loaded with eatables—sirloins of beef and dishes of cabbage, pigs roasted whole, all sorts of bread and cake, and mince-pie, and altogether too much liquor.

A feast of this kind was spread at Grandfather Hardscrabble's on the eve of the wedding of his granddaughter.

There was eating and drinking, playing forfeits, and merriment of all sorts.

At last the women found themselves anxious to depart, and the great kitchen was left to Grandfather Hardscrabble, the prospective bridegroom, and such hard-drinking men, young and old, as had not been dragged away by their women-folks.

In a little while every individual was decidedly intoxicated.

By two o'clock many of them were under the table, and at three Hardscrabble and his son-in-law-to-be were the only men who could manage to stand upon their feet.

At this juncture the Squire took a lighted candle, and waving it over his head, stumbled down the cellar steps.

In a moment more there was a rush of flame and smoke from the cellar, and Squire Scrawley, with his hair and coat-tails on fire, staggered howling into the room.

The old house was on fire, and everyone in it might have been burned to death had not a number of farm-laborers dragged the sottish men out upon the dew-soaked grass and helped the half-clad women who rushed shrieking from their rooms.

Amongst those was one fair form, ghostly in an envelope of blanket and ruffled night-cap.

It was Cilly.

Her feet were bare, and her face swollen with tears.

Those who saw her did not recognize her.

The house was full of guests, and every woman wore a nightcap in those days.

She lingered one moment by the duck-pond where the blazing bridegroom had been drenched by friendly hands, and then sped away towards a shady spot near the old well, where she threw herself down and began to sob bitterly.

"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?" she moaned.

"I wish I were dead!"

But just then the sound of feet running madly along the road caused her to lift her eyes, and she saw Jack Hadaway rush up and leap over the railing.

"Cilly!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, my Cilly!

"Where is she?

"She may be burned to death!"

"Jack!" called Cilly, in a faint, trembling voice—"Jack!"

Faint as the voice was, the lover heard it.

He turned towards the spot whence it came, and clasped the bundle in the night-cap to his heart.

Jack next morning found Grandfather Hardscrabble in a mixture of grief and fury, and the grandmother quite broken down; but his first cruel question was, "Where's Cilly?"

"Under that heap there!" sobbed the old woman.

"Dead and gone, when she might have been happy and your wife, but for that drunken beast of a Squire!"

"But I'll be his death!" said the old man—"I'll be his death!"

"And if Cilly could come back, you'd never give her to him?" asked Jack.

"To him, lad?

"No, no!" groaned Grandfather Hardscrabble.

"And you would give her to me?" persisted Jack Hadaway.

"Indeed I would!" sobbed the old man, fairly breaking down.

"Done!" cried Jack Hadaway.

"For Cilly is alive and well, at mother's house, this minute; and if you'll keep your word, I'll bring her to you; but if not, I'll keep her there!"

Thus he boarded old Hardscrabble. But the old man was too happy to be angry; and before many days elapsed Cilly was Jack Hadaway's wife.

WOMAN'S FAULTS.—A young man was ushered into the parlor, where sat his adored one. She was gazing soulfully into the fire, thinking of him, no doubt, but not dreaming of his presence. He tiptoed his approach, and slyly seizing a straggling hair, which coyly nestled in its blonde beauty on the scruff of her rounded, neck, gently twitched it and waited for the sudden start and maidenly blush, a pleased surprise. But not a start not a surprise. Again he drew it toward him, and again did the fair one continue to gaze thoughtfully in the fire. "Dear girl, she knows not of my presence," he murmured to himself. "How glad she will be to discover her Charles so close behind her! I will end this surprise;" and gently lifting an auburn curl from the sloping shoulders, he tweaked as only a fond lover can tweak, and, gentle reader, you may believe us or not, but we hope to die if he didn't scalp her. The whole business came off and then she knew that Charles was there. Shall we draw a veil over the dreadful picture? By no means. Charles knew that she wore false hair, and he knew that she knew that he knew it. Besides, the girl was turning thirty and worth millions. Charles was poor, but madly in love. A poor young man, madly in love with a girl worth a million, is never a kicker.

Scientific and Useful.

ALUMINIUM-COATED IRON.—Iron is now coated with aluminium by galvanoplasty. The aluminium prevents the iron from rusting and keeps a bright surface, making iron-work look something like silver-plate. Quite recently another process of coating the iron with aluminium, much in the same way as with tin, has been discovered.

BALLOONS.—Some balloon experiments have lately been tried in Germany with a new form of aerostat. Although filled with hydrogen, it will not of itself ascend, for its total weight is twenty-one pounds above that of the air which it displaces. A system of vanes actuated by machinery in the car causes the balloon to ascend, or to travel in any required direction. The motor, the nature of which is not stated, is said to weigh eighty pounds, and to give a force of four horse-power. The experiments were thoroughly successful.

NEW HORSESHOES.—Herr Schneider, of Berlin, is supplying horseshoes of a new pattern, which are said to insure a firm footing upon modern asphalt. The prominences, or calks, are of india-rubber instead of metal, and are fixed in pockets in the malleable iron body of the shoe. The rubber wears out uniformally with the iron; but even if this should not be the case, the calks can easily be inserted by any unskilled hand. Provision is made for a special form of calk for slippery weather.

CONDENSED ELECTRICITY.—The steamship Labrador, in a recent passage from Havre to New York, was, by means of Faure's accumulators, lighted by electricity during the whole of the voyage. The 'boxes of electricity' were charged by a dynamo machine on shore just before the vessel sailed; and although eight lights were kept continually in use, the supply of electricity was not exhausted at the end of the voyage. the lamps used were on the incandescent principle, and included those of Edison, Swan, and Maxim.

SCIENCE AND INSECTS.—Science does not gain much from experiments in cutting off the heads of insects to see how they will act after decapitation; but a scientific gentleman named M. Palestrina, who has lately diverted himself in that matter, makes some surprising announcements as the result of his experiments. Flies, he finds, experience little inconvenience from the operation—in fact, they scarcely appear to be conscious of it. Butterflies use their wings with perfect ease eighteen days after their heads have been severed from their bodies; crickets and grasshoppers jump about with their accustomed liveliness until the thirteenth day, when they seem to grow dejected and aware that there is something amiss with them; ants run hither and thither briskly in a headless state for a period of about a week; in short, all the insects M. Palestrina has experimented upon appear to manage almost as well without as with their heads.

Farm and Garden.

THE WELLS.—As the country grows older the wells do not give as good water as they did when first dug, particularly if near houses and barns. In time the soil through which water percolates becomes saturated with offensive matter, and sometimes streams of filth find their way to the well from cesspools and stables. Rain water from the roofs of houses after being filtered is much better and always safe and pure.

WEEDS.—The weed seeds scattered from hay and straw are the great bane of stable manure. It is best, of course, to have no weed seeds to scatter, for even a thorough fermentation of the manure pile will not destroy the vitality of all specimens; but if barn floors and mangers are thoroughly cleaned every few days and the rubbish thrown into a barrel, to be carried into the road and burned, many weed seeds will be saved from getting into the manure.

POULTRY.—In the careful selection of the best pullets the average value of the flock will be steadily and rapidly improved. Some sell the earliest and often the best birds because they are the biggest and will weigh more than the others. Unless there is some particular fault about the oldest pullets they should be kept to lay until after the holidays at least. Late pullets will not lay before next spring, and unless for some very good reason these are the ones to fatten and sell.

SHEEP.—The surest way to ascertain the age of sheep is by their front teeth. They are eight in number and appear the first year all of one size. The next year the two middle teeth fall out, and in their stead grow two large ones. The third year a smaller tooth appears on each side of the two large ones. During the next, or fourth year, there are six large teeth. In the fifth year all of the front teeth are large. After that the only way to determine the age of sheep, is by the worn appearance of the teeth.

MANURE.—It should be remembered that the value of manure from all animals varies greatly with the character of the food, and that hog manure should be so valued from the fact that he is generally fed on grain, and that he is also carnivorous, devouring dead animals and grubs when running at large, and when shut up in a pen eating bones and refuse meats, bread and all the refuse from the table. And all the time that these refuses are making rich manure they are also making meat, and taking all these advantages there is too much profit for the farmer to lose, and he should save it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 4, 1884.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

Presenting the Bride!

The original Oil-Painting of which our Premium is an exact copy sold for $15,000, and to-day graces the walls of the finest private gallery in America. It is printed on the best and heaviest paper, and covers more than five hundred square inches. It contains twenty-seven colors, which with the variety of shading produced by the Photo-Oleograph process, make it a veritable transcript from life, and it combines in itself all the beautiful coloring of the oil painting, the clearness of outline of the steel engraving, with the naturalness of the photograph. The most delicate details of color and expression are brought out with startling vividness, and only on the closest examination is the mind satisfied that it is not a photograph colored by hand.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

A record of sixty years of continuous publication proves its worth and popularity. THE POST has never missed an issue. Its Fiction is of the highest order—the best original Stories, Sketches and Narratives of day. It is perfectly free from the degrading and polluting trash which characterizes many other so-called literary and family papers. It gives more for the money, and of a better class, than any other publication in the world. Each volume contains, in addition to its well-edited departments, twenty-five first-class Serials, by the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred Short Stories. Every number is replete with useful information and Amusement, comprising Tales, Adventures, Sketches, Biography, Anecdotes, Statistics, Facts, Recipes, Hints, Cautions, Poetry, Science, Art, Philosophy, Manners, Customs, Proverbs, Problems, Experiments, Personals, News, Wit and Humor, Historical Essays, Remarkable Events, New Inventions, Curious Ceremonies, Recent Discoveries, and a complete report of all the latest Fashions, as well as all the novelties in Needlework, and fullest and freshest information relating to all matters of personal and home adornment, and domestic matters. To the people everywhere it will prove one of the best, most instructive, reliable and moral papers that has ever entered their homes.

TERMS:

$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,

Including a Copy of the beautiful Oleograph, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE."

CLUBS.

3 copies one year (and "Presenting the Bride" to each)	$ 1 50
3 copies one year	5 00
4 copies one year	6 00
5 copies one year	7 50
10 copies one year	15 00
20 copies one year	28 00

☞ An extra copy of the Paper and Oleograph free to a person sending a club of five or more.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Five Three-Cent Stamps Must be added to each subscription, to pay postage and packing on the picture.

The Premium cannot be purchased by itself; it can only be obtained in connection with THE POST. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. Where a second premium is desired, another subscription will have to be sent.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for bringing the paper to their notice. Remember, the getter-up of a club of five or more gets not only the Premium Oleograph, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE," free for his trouble, but a copy of the paper also.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Lock Box 8.) 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

HOSPITALITY.

What pleasure it is to receive a genuine, hearty welcome! Yes, even to be seized upon by two or three pairs of dear little hands, your outdoor belongings forcibly captured, and yourself thrust into the very coziest sleepy-hollow of a chair. In vain your protestations that 'twas merely a passing call, or your plea of some important shopping requiring all that fast-departing daylight—for there you are, and there you must remain.

Ere long a fragrant odor of coffee comes stealing in; sweet, laughing voices, and kind, happy faces are around us; the warmth from the huge pine-logs imparts a genial glow on that cool spring evening—thus four of our senses are gratified, as will shortly be the fifth—the lowest, we are told, and most allied to the animal nature.

Certainly poets never make it their theme, summarily dismissing the subject in a line or two—for instance, that oft-quoted—

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

A grand old virtue is hospitality, and, like charity, covers a multitude of sins—a barbaric one, also, and with the Arabs of the Desert had once a higher significance; for did the stranger share their food, his life, even if a foe, was henceforth sacred. So ancient is it, too, that we may trace it back to Paradise; for does not Milton say of Eve, when preparing for her guests—

"On hospitable thoughts intent."

'Tis good to read of those ancient baronial halls, at whose portals the stranger knight might dismount, or the pilgrim afoot crave an hour's rest, and both sit down at the well-spread board, departing thence unquestioned.

Guess they'd make a different manner of exodus in these days of higher civilization. Neither would they gain admittance within the entrance door, for Jeames Yellow-plush and John Thomas would look less favorably on those "travel-stained" garments than did "the baron's retainers" of olden time.

But if the entertainers are changed, so likewise are they entertained. In old romance or ballad, we never read of tramps, or speak-thieves, or the rights of hospitality abused by a spoon being pocketed, or flagon hidden in the ample folds of a doublet. Therefore, as we are not likely to entertain "an angel unawares," we may practice less unbounded hospitality.

So, with a sigh for the good old days, let us devote ourselves all the more heartily to those friends and guests who sometimes visit us, bidding them, in Shakspeare's words—

"Welcome hither
As is the spring to the earth."

SANCTUM CHAT.

AT some of the railway stations in Paris daring robberies have of late been committed by individuals disguised as porters, who, while travelers are occupied in purchasing their tickets, pretend to take charge of their baggage, placing the trunks and boxes on a truck, and immediately afterwards disappearing with their booty, which they convey to some adjacent den.

—

THE *Westminster Teacher* takes exception to the course of the young people of the Sunday-schools who peddle tickets on Sunday and other days for church festivals, picnics and magic-lantern shows. It likens them to the "money-changers in the Temple," and says that they ought to be driven out. It sets at naught the apology that this ticket-peddling is a work of necessity and mercy.

—

PERHAPS few people have ever asked themselves why they admire a rose so much more than all other flowers. If they will consider they will find, first, that red is, in a delicately graduated state, the loveliest of all pure colors; and secondly, that in the rose there is no shadow, except what is composed of color. All its shadows are fuller in color than its lights, owing to the translucency and reflective power of its leaves.

—

IN the war of the Revolution the total militia force raised was 71,622 men. In the Mexican war the total number of United States troops was 181,282. In the late civil war the Union forces numbered 2,859,132 men, of whom 178,079 were colored. In this war, on the Government side, 61,362 were killed in battle, 34,727 died of wounds, and 183,287 died of disease—about twice the number of the total killed in battle. The total deaths were 279,376, and there were 199,105 deserters.

—

A GENTLEMAN who lately had business in the General Land Office at San Francisco, said his Christian name was "Usual." This was thought to be a joke by the Register, but the gentleman gave this explanation of how he happened to receive it: His father was greatly desirous of having a daughter, but, as child after child was born to him, he was disappointed. When the seventh child was born, his father was compelled to exclaim: "A boy, as usual. And I guess he will have to go through life as Usual."

—

THERE are clouds as well as sunshine in this life, and one cannot expect to live continually in the latter. The clouds are sometimes those of adversity, sometimes of sorrow, and often are the shadow of calumny. Patience is required under all these afflictions. Consciousness of innocence where your good name has been assailed should sustain you, and enable you to patiently await future vindication. Be assured that the ignorant and vulgar will believe the worst that may be said of you. The intelligent and just will accord you a fair hearing before they condemn.

—

AN officer of a school in Boston for the blind says that sightless persons may become the most expert piano-tuners. Through its constant exercise the faculty of hearing becomes so acute that intervals in the scale of sounds, which are so slight as to be unnoticed by other persons, are readily detected by the blind. The slighest imperfection in unisons is discord to them. Their knowledge of the mechanism of pianos is obtained through the use of models and the dissection of old instruments. Besides, they are thoroughly taught in that branch of physics which treats of the nature of sound and the laws of its production and transmission.

—

IN the Island of Jamaica vessels are loaded with bananas by negroes marching in single file, each with a bunch on his head. The lines often number nearly a hundred men and women. As they go to and from the vessel a negro, with a loud, melodious voice, sits on deck and calls off the tally in a singing, drawling tone, as follows: Banana da, one, one, one; banana da, two, two, two; banana da free, free, free; mark me down foah, foah, foah; five and tally, five, five; banana da, five, five, five; banana da, five, five, five, five, and tally five, five. They can count only up to five, so a white man of superior attainments sits near and keeps tally by fives while the negro repeats his count.

—

IT being rather dull around Reading, one day recently, a reporter made a column article out of interviews with a number of ladies of that city. He asked them how a man should propose to a woman in order to win his suit. The answers were, as might have been anticipated, of all sorts—wise, witty, and silly. It seemed to be the pretty general opinion that lovers were too long coming to the point. They insisted that they loved, and kept on urging their love until the wooed one was bored by such protestation. If they only asked the momentous question sooner, the anxiety might have been short-lived. If these charmers are to be relied on, the more haste the less speed does not apply in courtships.

—

WHAT is known in Germany as the American duel, in which two persons are supposed to draw lots to determine which shall blow out his own brains, is stated by the Berlin correspondent of a German newspaper to have been announced so frequently of late as the cause of suicide in high life, that it is being looked upon with suspicion as the cloak for facts which the surviving relatives would find it exceedingly disagreeable to have made public. If a paymaster in the army, or a cashier in a bank, has been embezzling funds, and shoots himself when on the point of detection, it is stated that he bravely complied with the dictate of honor in an unfortunate American duel, and his family administer upon the residue of his property, make good his defalcation, and, if necessary, buy the silence of outsiders who know the facts.

—

AN ingenious attack of cholera occurred in a popular restaurant of Naples, where a well-dressed young man ordered an expensive meal, and was apparently seized immediately after eating it with such violent internal pains, and assumed such a deathly pallor, that the guests, with whom the possibility of an affection from Egypt is frequently a topic of conversation, hurried, in consternation, from the place. The young man was taken to a hospital apparently in a state of collapse, but there the physicians soon concluded that he was shamming. It turned out finally that he had no money about his person, and feigned an attack of cholera to avoid being required to pay for his meal.

—

THE Germans of Iowa are starting a movement to oppose the woman's suffrage agitation. They say that if women obtained a right to vote they would be under the influence of the clergy, and would take an extreme position in relation to beer and wine drinking and the observance of Sunday. It would be impossible to reason with them in favor of moderate and reasonable temperance and Sunday laws, and their votes would establish total prohibition and blue laws as bad as those formerly enforced in Connecticut. Various German journals affect to regard this threatened evil as a serious and imminent character, and call upon the Germans as a body to take a pronounced position in opposition to it.

—

THE statement which was made some time ago as to England furnishing images for Hindoo idolaters is now reiterated with increased earnestness. It is said that these false gods are made in great quantities at Birmingham, and supplied as ordinary merchandise. They are mostly small affairs, intended for household use. The larger images, for the temples, some of which are of the size of wooden Indians, and some larger, are made by the natives. In costly temples these large images are sometimes richly ornamented, even if rudely carved. It is by no means rare to find their eyes made of diamonds or other precious stones. The names of the Birmingham manufacturers of small idols have not been made public, although there has been considerable inquiry for them on the part of persons interested in missionary affairs.

—

IN the general enlargement of woman's sphere of employment, the dispensing of drugs suggests itself to us as a pursuit admirably adapted to the sex's capabilities. The practice of pharmacy requires little in the way of physical strength, and certainly woman's capacity for receiving the necessary preliminary instruction is quite as great as the average drug clerk's, while her superior delicacy of touch and dexterity of hand would be of great advantage in the nicer duties of the position. As to the comparative probability of her substituting morphine where quinine was prescribed it would be difficult to predict, but as a precautionary measure it might be well to admit to positions only such applicants as a certain degree of age and unattractiveness precluded from possible disturbance of the affections.

—

ONE hears less of "good old days" than one used, and this is certainly an evidence of improvement, but how constantly is it asserted that our age is unromantic. And yet the every-day matters of commonplace life have always been the materials with which genius has done the most. We never, or very rarely, find the best poets of any age singing of things past as superior to things in use. The novelists whose names will go down the ages are those who have found their material ready to hand. A deep thinker observed the other day that the Hebrew poets incorporated the arrow and the javelin into their songs and showed no disposition to glorify the flint knives or hammers of their ancestors. The Greek writers, too, were content with the description of things familiar in every-day life, which, romantic as they appear to us, were ordinary enough to them. The fact is, that genius takes the commonplace and gilds it with the marvelous; picks up the pebble and irradiates it with the diamond. The elements of romance are always in our midst. The mind to adjust them only is wanting.

THREE PRAYERS.

BY C. J.

Beneath a cross, beyond the town,
Before a shrine for sorrows made,
Three simple maidens knelt them down,
And from their hearts devoutly pray'd.

One, dreaming of greate things,
The purple sea, the perfect sky,
Bright, happy birds, with painted wings,
Glad buds that bloom before they die.
The waving woods—the scented air
Clung to her heart, and through her sighs
Was heard the gentle maiden's pray'r:
"Oh, give me beauty for my prize!"

A hidden furnace seemed to glow
Within the second maiden's breast;
She heard the stirring trumpet blow,
She saw the warrior's plume and crest,
Ambition dazzled in her eyes
That life's reward—a deathless name:
Then from her heart came stifled cries:
"If I may live, oh! give me fame!"

The third fair maiden knelt apart,
Her eyes—a heaven starr'd with tears,
Her white arms folded on her heart,
She faced a mystery of years.
A sudden rapture seemed to lift
Her very soul to heav'n above;
"Be mine," she prayed, "this priceless gift:
Let me be loved by one I love!"

Heiress and Doctor.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

"I SHALL never marry an heiress, my dear Stanley," said Doctor Jeffries, the rising doctor of the day, as he sat on the balcony of his friend's house at Brighton, wantonly smoking a strong Havana, in defiance of his own judgment.

"You are very kind to keep throwing them so persistently in my way.

"I am sure I should like to oblige you; but it is quite impossible.

"My mind has for some time been definitely made up.

"If there is to be a Mrs. Jeffries, Heaven forbid that she should be freighted with the insufferable arrogance of a woman of wealth!"

"How absurd you are, Caspar!" Mr. Stanley Childs replied.

"You know well enough that because a woman is rich is no reason why she should be overbearing and offensive."

"No reason, certainly," Doctor Jeffries echoed, dolefully.

"But did you ever know a woman to think, or act, or be anything one might naturally expect of her?"

"A man of your social position and large fortune, Caspar," his friend went on, ignoring this innuendo, "has certain duties to Society. You know very well that you cannot afford to marry a girl in the lower ranks of life.

"You must certainly realize how necessary it is for the future Mrs. Jeffries to be a woman whose education and associations will have fitted her for the onerous position of mistress of your establishment."

"I don't think," Doctor Jeffries said, deliberately, drawing long puffs from his Havana—"I am quite sure, indeed, that I don't care a fig for the social duties you speak of, Stanley.

"I shall certainly never marry a girl unless I love her, and it is almost morally certain that I cannot love a girl with a prodigious fortune.

"You know how independent and self-asserting rich women are. I don't like that style.

"I admire a woman who is shy and reticent—who is not above the plane of absolute confidence in, and dependence upon, the man she calls her husband.

"I have never yet seen an heiress of whom I could premise such qualities; but I have seen several girls in humble circumstances who possessed them in a large degree.

"They were ladies, too, Stanley—ladies by instinct, whose native tact and refinement had fitted them as perfectly for the adornment of society as the most desirable 'associations' could ever have done."

"Do you mean to say," Mr. Childs asked, "that anyone you ever met—any girl who has been poor all her life—would have the necessary *aplomb* to do the honors of your house as well as—well—as well as Miss Chaplin?"

"And, pray, who is Miss Chaplin?" Doctor Jeffries inquired.

"What! you don't know who Miss Chaplin is?" his friend exclaimed, promptly turning his argument from the universal truth of the eligibility of heiresses to the particular case of the young lady in question.

"At Brighton for three days, and not to know who Miss Chaplin is! Ah, then, indeed, have you lived in vain!"

"Miss Chaplin is a star of the first magnitude, I suppose I am to infer?"

"My dear Casper, she is the whole universe!"

"Is it a bad case, Stanley?" the handsome young doctor asked, with nonchalant significance.

"It is no case at all.

"I am quite beyond the influence of her attraction.

"I am a satellite to another luminary. I have been saving Miss Chaplin for you."

"Much obliged!" said the doctor, lazily, knocking the ashes off of his cigar.

"Where is the young lady?"

"Just over the way.

"Strange to relate, she is the guest of the plainest and most unassuming people in the town.

"By Jove! I believe that is she, now, leaning against the trellis. I'm confoundedly near-sighted, but methinks I recognize that ethereal blue gown.

"Can you see plainly, Casper?"

"Yes," the doctor answered, indifferently; "I can she her quite plainly.

"She is very pretty, but not nearly so pretty as the other young lady in the oriel window."

"That is your prejudice, Caspar.

"There is no comparison possible.

"Miss Chaplin is as much handsomer than Miss Drury as you are handsomer than I am."

Doctor Jeffries accepted this tribute with the lofty air of a man who has been fed to satiety on the sweets of flattery and adulation.

"Is Miss Chaplin rich?" he asked, casually.

"She is sole heir to the wealth of a modern Crœsus," Mr. Childs answered.

"That settles it!" the doctor remarked, turning his back to the pretty cottage opposite and to the fair young girl in the pale blue dress, who by this time had joined her companion in the oriel window.

While she was deftly arranging the first June rose she had gathered in a pretty vase, and Mr. Childs across the way was remonstrating with his handsome friend for indulging in an unreasonable prejudice, she was saying to a lovely woman who sat by the window, in a charming toilette, "There has been a new arrival at Mr. Childs', Ethel."

"Who is it, dear?"

"A fine foil for you, Ethel—an eligible professional man."

"Who is it, Marion?"

"It is Doctor Jeffries," the young girl in blue replied.

"He is immensely rich, handsome, talented, and everything else that is nice. He is the chevalier of Brighton."

"No more of him, an' you love me!" cried Ethel, laughingly.

"A physician! My dear, don't you know that the fundamental principle of my nature is an unbounded hatred for the medical profession?

"I could not flirt with a doctor if he were the last man alive.

"I should feel all the while as though he were making an autopsy of my nature. He would make a diagnosis of the case—he never would believe in the counterfeit symptoms of a flirtation."

Ethel laughed a sweet, low rippling laugh, in which Marion joined her.

"No, Marion," she said conclusively.

"I never could regard a doctor as an eligible party.

"In fact, I think the whole idea of a doctor's falling in love, like other men, is absurd and incongruous.

"I never could be brought to consider the matter seriously. For the life of me, I never could think of a physician with the slightest degree of sentiment.

"You may appropriate Dr. Jeffries yourself, Marion, since you do not share my antipathy."

"You are hard to satisfy, Ethel.

"The man whom you marry must certainly be a demigod."

"And failing that, I shall be an old maid," she said, promptly, rising.

"Dr. Jeffries and Mr. Childs have just gone into the house, Marion.

"I have seen your eligible professional man. He is quite out of the question."

Two days after these conversations were held, early in the afternoon, a very pretty young lady might have been seen sitting under the cool shadow of a great rock that loomed up against the horizon, in the outskirts of the town.

She wore a delicious costume of that artistic shade we call gendarme blue.

She was reading a book, but by no means with such intentness that she failed to observe the approach of a very handsome youth whom she thought she recognized, but who evidently had not yet observed her.

He carried a sketch-book in his hand, and a box of water-colors.

He evidently meant to "do" the town, which lay calmly sleeping in the sun.

He approached the rock in a singularly abstracted manner, considering the proximity of this very pretty young girl.

But she was sitting on a little ledge just above his line of vision, and he had selected his point of view, opened his book and moistened his brushes, before he caught a distracting glimpse of soft blue drapery, and a lovely face whose ivory tints were mellowed by the drooping brim of a Leghorn hat.

He was tempted to turn about abruptly, and apply his brushes to tracing the outlines of her flower-like face.

It was on his lips to ask the privilege.

Would she think it rude?

He was not quite a stranger.

They were neighbors, and no doubt she knew who he was.

But it seemed an unwarranted presumption.

When he caught her frank, fearless eyes looking at him, quizzically he said, with considerable trepidation, "I hope my presence will not disturb you."

"Not at all, sir," she answered, promptly, with the self-possessed manner which was her striking characteristic.

Her eyes sought her book again, but she felt a little discomposed in spite of herself.

She tried to be perfectly unconscious of the manly figure that had suddenly interposed itself between her and the sea.

She changed her position, and in the effort to do so she let her book slip out of her grasp.

It fell obliquely on the edge of the rocky seat she occupied, and, glancing off, hit the blissful young artist square on the head, adroitly tilting his jaunty hat over his eyes.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she cried, in alarm, as the young man sprang up, and looked to see what instrument of war was covering him.

"I did not throw it—indeed I didn't—it fell."

He looked down at the book, then up at the dismayed face of the young girl, and at her hands extended to implore pardon.

He pushed his hat back, and presently, thinking there was something funny about his being bombarded in that manner, he laughed long and heartily.

There was something contagious in his mirth, and before she had time to restrain the improper inclination, his fair assailant was laughing with him.

He picked up the book.

It was open at the fly-leaf, on which was written in a full round hand—"Oscar Temple, Grosvenor Gardens."

A look of surprise stole over his face.

"Are you a friend of Mr. Temple?" he asked.

"Mr. Temple is my cousin," she answered, simply.

"Is it possible?

"How strange that I have never heard him speak of you!"

"You know Mr. Temple, then?" she inquired.

"He is one of my best friends," he said, warmly.

Then naturally they drifted into conversation about Mr. Temple.

The fact that they both knew him well, and liked him, was as good as an introduction.

She was very unconventional, anyway.

As for him, he was no stickler for ceremony, and I think they both enjoyed it all the more for its being a trifle romantic.

"How much prettier she is than Miss Chaplin!" he said to himself, when he had progressed so far as to seat himself at her feet, and look admiringly under the brim of the Leghorn hat.

"How much handsomer he is than Marion's doctor!" she mused, fluttering the leaves of her neglected novel.

"Do not let me interrupt your sketching," she said, aloud, looking sideways at him, and with a bewitching smile.

"The town has no longer any attractions for me," he said, gallantly.

"There is the sea, then—an inexhaustible subject for artists—and the ships, and the beach, and the piers, and——"

"Lady Galathea enshrined on a cliff," he added, as he rose and picked up his sketch-book.

"The scene is quite to my fancy.

"With your permission, I will reverse my perspective."

"Do you mean to put me in your picture?" she asked, innocently.

"If you will grant me the liberty."

"I don't think it is quite proper," she said, frankly.

"Not if I give you the picture when it is finished?"

"Well, I don't know.

"Perhaps that would be showing some respect to me; but it is quite a dubious respect, I am afraid."

"Not at all," he said, stoutly.

"It is a mere matter of business.

"You are sitting for your portrait, which you intend as a surprise to your friends."

"Could you paint my portrait?" she asked, with sudden eagerness.

"Certainly," he answered, "if you give me time and opportunity."

"Very well," she cried, clasping her hands in childish pleasure at the prospect. "You may begin at once. How long will it take?"

"Well, I can't say," he said, slowly, revolving in his mind the question of how long he could reasonably continue a series of sittings.

"It depends upon how my genius burns.

"I will make a sketch to-day, if you like."

"Certainly.

"Begin immediately! You are in my employ.

"I expect you to go right to work."

He obeyed her instantly.

It was too delicious to have an excuse for peering into that lovely flower-like face, and fathoming the depths of the great dark eyes that submitted to be scrutinized for the sake of art.

The conversation became more sprightly as the sketch progressed.

They chatted comfortably together, laughed a great deal, and altogether became wonderfully well acquainted.

The fading light on the water at length warned them that the afternoon was all but spent.

The artist closed his book, and put away his brushes reluctantly; and his fair model picked up her shawl with the feeling—so delightful to one of her Bohemian temperament—that she had been decidedly unconventional.

"I wish Stanley could have seen her this afternoon," the young artist said to himself—though in point of fact, if wishing could have brought Stanley to the spot, he would not have made the slightest effort to have secured his presence.

He had enjoyed this tete-a-tete.

But all the same, he was thinking how much surprised Stanley would have been to find that this young girl, whose parents were comparatively poor, and who had never received the benefits of a London season, could deport herself like a queen of society.

"You will come to-morrow at the same hour?" he asked, half in a business way, half in supplication.

"Oh, yes!" she rejoined, in a matter-of-fact tone; "I shall come to-morrow."

He hardly knew whether to accompany her back to the town or not.

He hesitated a moment, but she looked at him with a pleasant smile, the plumes on her hat nodded enticingly in the fresh breeze, and he stepped boldly up beside her.

Along the beach they walked together in the rosy light of the setting sun; nor was that their only walk together.

The next afternoon at the same time they were again wending their way back to the town; likewise on the next, and the next, and the next, and so on until the day of their first acquaintance seemed far in the past, and they were already old friends.

The picture progressed slowly.

The artist complained of his lack of inspiration.

His model responded with a merry banter, and often he would throw aside his work, declaring it was of no use to try to paint that day.

Once the picture was irrevocably lost, and had to be begun all over again.

You may well suppose that the artist was in no hurry to finish his task.

There was something very romantic about their acquaintance.

The young girl enjoyed a spice of adventure; she had a natural relish for sub-rosa flirtations, which prompted her to keep her appointments with her neighbor over the way a profound secret.

She was in no hurry to have her picture completed.

She allowed it to be wilfully neglected; and often possibly preferred the long, half-confidential chats which naturally grew out of their mutual proximity, the reading of poetry, &c., &c., to the monotony of a "sitting."

The days went flying by, as summer days are prone to, and this romantic pair were obviously entangled in the net of fate.

He called her Lady Galathea, and it pleased her fancy to name him Sir Proteus.

They lived in a realm of poetic beauty; in short, they were hopelessly in love.

But a season of bliss are apt to be short.

The day of Sir Proteus' departure was near at hand, and yet the expected picture remained unfinished.

"I am going away on Thursday," he said to her, in a tone in which he strove in vain to suppress regret.

"I am going away, and your picture is not done."

"I'm sure it is not my fault," she said innocently.

"I am sure I have sat for it often enough."

"That is the trouble," he answered.

"You sat too much."

"I only sat when you told me to," she retorted in resentment.

"Yes, but I told you to sit too often.

"However I do not think the result would have been very different even if I had worked in a more regular way.

"I can't paint a portrait."

"What!" she cried indignantly.

"Has your painting been all a farce?"

"I'm afraid it has," he said gravely.

"I made a feint of painting your picture, because I knew that that was the only way to continue these charming days we have spent together.

"Forgive me!" he pleaded, in a soft, persuasive tone. "When I first saw your face, I thought that indeed I might be able to paint it.

"But I have found it impossible.

"The few faulty lines I have traced on paper bear but a sorry likeness to the image engraven on my heart.

"I love you, sweet Galathea! Can you pardon my shortcomings for love's sake?"

She drew her hand away with an affectation of anger, and said, severely, "How dare you speak to me so? You have not even deported yourself like a gentleman!"

Her words were harsh, but something in her face emboldened him to catch her in his arms and say, "Do not be angry! I have acted in a contemptible manner; but I could not help it.

"Your sweet face bewitched me. Your presence biased my judgement, and I could no longer act in a dispassionate manner.

"I will repent in sackcloth and ashes, only do not condemn me to a life of misery.

"I love you, my darling! In the first moment my eyes beheld your bonnie face, I gave my love into your keeping. If I have done anything wrong, forgive me, for love's sake."

She did not answer him, and, seized with an awful dread that the deception he had practiced would be his ruin, he cried, in passionate entreaty, "For God's sake, do not turn away from me! I love you as few men love.

"You are the light of my life, my only hope of happiness.

"I am going away. I do not ask you to love me if it be a difficult task to perform. But I beg you at least to be kind. Forgive me!"

At the mention of his going away, the great tears rose rebelliously in her eyes, and, in spite of her effort to hide them, they hung heavily on her long, drooping lashes.

"You are crying!" he said in terrible self-reproach, going down on his knees beside her, and covering her hands with kisses.

"I am a brute! I will go away where you will never see me again!"

He essayed to rise, but she stretched out her hand, and uttered a half-inarticulate "No!"

His arms were about her again in an instant.

"My darling, my darling! Can it be that you will forgive me, and love me too?"

"Don't—ask me—just—now!" she said, in a broken way.

"But—I think I will try—after a while."

Her head was on his shoulder, her lips

so near, that what should this audacious young man do but kiss her as boldly as though that were his peculiar privilege.

There is no record of the arguments he used to excuse himself; but they must have been powerful, for, half an hour afterwards, he might have been heard saying, "Do you think your father will give you to me willingly, darling?"

"Why, I supposed you knew my father was dead," she answered. "I have been an orphan since I was twelve years old."

"Why, I thought Mr. and Mrs. Drury were your parents!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Stanley Childs certainly told me so."

"Stanley Childs!" she repeated, in a dazed way, drawing herself away from his embrace.

"Is not your own name Stanley Childs?"

"Certainly not!" he answered, promptly. Then, piqued at the sudden coldness of her manner, he added, "My name is Caspar Jeffries, Miss Drury."

She put her hand to her head, and leaned heavily against the fence.

"Do you mean to say you are not Mr. Stanley Childs, but Doctor Jeffries of London?"

"Certainly," he replied, amazed at the question.

Her face was white as death.

For a few moments she did not speak; then, arousing herself with an effort, she said, quietly, "It seems we have both been laboring under a terrible mistake, Doctor Jeffries.

"When we met by chance here six weeks ago, we assumed each other's identity to be what we supposed it. If I remember rightly, we have never once addressed each other by a surname.

"The fanciful titles we adopted were the only forms of address we used. This has led us into a serious error.

During all these weeks I have mistaken you for your friend, Mr. Childs.

"I had seen you with him; I had confounded your personalities, and, as I was never formally introduced to either of you, the blunder perpetuated itself.

"You, it appears, have been under quite as grave a misapprehension.

"You have mistaken me for my friend, Miss Drury, whereas my real name is Ethel Chaplin."

He was so astounded at what she said, that for a few moments he did not utter a sound.

Misinterpreting his silence, she said, in a voice full of bitterness, "It will be better for us both if we can forget the occurences of the past hour.

"I release you from your engagement to me.

"It was made under false pretences.

"Good-bye, Doctor Jeffries!

"Believe me, I have not purposely fostered this error."

She turned, and would have left him; but he caught her two hands, and looked gravely into her face.

"Ethel, my darling," he said, tenderly, for the first time calling her by her own name, "I learned to love you for yourself.

"The fact that I have mistaken your identity does not alter my love; it is not so weak a passion as that trival circumstances could destroy it.

"I have indeed been laboring under a strange mistake, but the mistake does not lie with my love.

"If you can love as Casper Jeffries, whom you deigned to love as Stanley Childs, my life and my love are waiting for you."

She hesitated a moment; then throwing herself into his arms, with a low cry, she murmured, brokenly—

"I cannot give you up! I love you, after all!"

He clasped her to his heart, and into her willing ears he poured a stream of passionate utterances whose purport it is not hard to guess.

"What will your friends say?" he queried, after a very long time.

"They will be delighted, I imagine," she answered.

"You are quite a catch, you know, Doctor Jeffries.

"But to think of your being a doctor!

"I never could abide doctors, and I always said I wouldn't marry one if he were the last man I could get."

He laughed, as well he could afford to, having his arm about her supple waist, her head on his shoulder, and her promise in his heart.

"You were something like me in your antipathy to doctors.

"I had the same feeling about heiresses.

"I always said I would never marry one.

"But, you see, the fates decreed it otherwise.

"My darling, without doubt, it has been owing to the irresistible 'Attraction of Opposites.'"

A Wonderful Remedy.

The new Vitalizing Treatment for chronic diseases, introduced to the public by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, is affecting most wonderful cures in Consumption, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc. Thousands have been relieved from suffering during the past thirteen years, and hundreds saved from death, by this new discovery. Send for their pamphlet, in which you will find all desired information in regard to a treatment which is destined to revolutionize the practice of medicine.

All a Dream.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

SOME years ago a gentleman was walking up and down the Charing Cross Railway Station, his hands in his pockets and a thoughtful look on his face.

"By Jove!" he said to himself; "only to get away from those dreadful old maids, and the not less dreadful match-making mothers, I'd go to the other end of the world!

"But where to go to first is the question.

"Here goes!

"'First-class to Paris,'" he said at the ticket-office.

Having ascertained when the train was due, and finding he had still fifteen minutes to spare, he went into the telegraph office, and sent a message:—

"Send my traps to 'Bristol Hotel,' Paris. Take a month's holiday.

"WISTERN."

"Now, I think that will do," he said to himself, "and I shall be free for a whole month!"

The next day found Lord Wistern—for this gentleman was a nobleman—in Paris.

His traps, as he called them, had also arrived.

But, contrary to his desire, his valet had arrived with them.

"What the deuce have you come for?"

"Did I not tell you to take a month's holiday?"

"I understood that my lord was about to take a holiday," answered the man, bowing.

"But if your lordship can spare me, I should be glad of a few days to myself."

"Then take them, and be hanged to you, if you will.

"Go.

"Be here this day month.

"There!" he added, throwing a purse across the table; "take what you want, and be off!"

The man, who seemed quite accustomed to his master's eccentricities, took out a sum of money, returned the purse, and said good-bye.

His lordship sank back in his easy chair, and laughed softly.

"I am safe!

"Now I can breathe! But where can I go now?

"By Jove! I feel like a schoolboy let out for an hour, with plenty of cash in his pocket that he doesn't quite know what to do with.

"Well, I'll not stay here; I'll go to Italy, Germany, Spain.

"Ah, I will first spend a short time in sunny Spain, see bull-fights, and——

"Yes; I have made up my mind!"

So the next morning saw his lordship in a comfortable first-class carriage on his way to the Spanish capital.

Here he found the weather insufferably hot, and he determined to go South.

In large letters, he read—

"Special Train to Valencia, the Garden of Spain.

"Sea Baths, Royal Bull-Fights, Fair, &c., &c."

"Just the thing for me!" thought Lord Wistern.

And he straightway took a seat, not in the special, but in the mail train for Valencia.

Now it came to pass that on his arrival there all the rooms in the hotel were taken, and his lordship had to put up with lodgings in the house of a widow, with an only daughter, who let apartments.

Very handsome and luxuriously furnished were these apartments.

So his lordship felt thankful that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, and settled down in his soft-cushioned rocking-chair, quite as much at home as if he had spent all his life there.

Now, the house, although situated in one of the most central and aristocratic parts of Valencia, looked from the back into a narrow street where dwelt clerks, dressmakers—indeed, quite respectable people, but all under the painful necessity of earning their own bread.

Lord Wistern's bedroom looked upon this street, and every morning his attention was drawn to a young girl who hung out a gold-finch, and watered some pretty plants she had in her little balcony.

Beautiful as a houri was this girl.

She made a picture worthy the pencil of Murillo, or the prince of painters, Raphael.

His lordship never tired of watching her.

"There is the girl I could make my wife," he thought.

"She is perfection; would grace any position.

"I will ask Donna Dolores (the landlady) who she is.

"For her sake I could give up my wandering life.

"I am sorry I did not bring my valet.

"He would soon have found out all about her.

"What arms; they are as white as alabaster!

"What an angelic face!

"Her teeth are ivory.

"Her smile——

"I'm a gone man!

"Despite my forty years, and the cloud hanging over me, I'm in love for the first time in my life, and with a girl I don't even know!"

Now the family of his lordship had for several generations been thought very eccentric.

His great grandfather, on reaching the age of fifty-five, had shot himself, for no earthly reason but that he was tired of life.

His grandfather, on reaching the same age, had hanged himself.

His father, for an improvement, took a dose of laudanum.

"Temporary insanity," the coroner called it; but most people called it suicidal mania, handed down from father to son as an inheritance.

"Who knows," thought his lordship, "with such a lovely partner as that girl, but that I might escape the fate of my fathers?

"I'll ring the bell, and ask Donna Dolores who she is."

Now the landlady was in a state of great excitement at having an English milord staying with her.

Great expectations rose within her.

Was he not rich—very rich?

For did he not pay his bill every time she presented it, only glancing at the sum total, and never noticing how some things had been charged two or even three times, and other little items (that he would have been at a loss to know what had become of, seeing that he had never seen them) found their way into the account?

Of course, he must be very rich to do this.

And had not a gipsy prophesied that her daughter would marry a rich Englishman?

And being a Spaniard, and consequently superstitious, she felt convinced that the time had come, and expected every minute to be asked for Aurelia's hand.

If Aurelia had not been an awkward, tall, fat girl, with a very red face, a pug nose, wide mouth, and little bead-like eyes, she might have been very beautiful, and his lordship might have noticed her; but as it was, he had not taken the slightest notice of her existence, or had an idea of the airy castles her mother was building.

So when he rang the bell, and the little widow came running in, he was quite surprised at her alacrity, and also at the beam on her countenance.

"What does milord require?" she asked, in dulcet tones.

"Hem!

"Do you know that young woman over there? — she has just hung out that bird."

The widow's face fell.

"Oh, yes, milord!

"It is Marie, the seamstress.

"She is an orphan, and supports herself by sewing, embroidering, or——"

"Oh, never mind all that!

"Is she married?" interrupted his lordship.

"Oh, dear, no!

"She is not over seventeen.

"Her mother——"

"There, there, I don't want to know about her mother!

"She is very lovely!

"Is she as good as she is beautiful?" he asked, hesitatingly.

Now there had never been the slightest shade cast on Marie's reputation.

She was as pure as an angel.

But the landlady drew her head up as she answered—

"Well, I don't like to say.

"I never speak ill of my neighbors; I always——"

"My good woman, when you are asked a question you should answer truthfully.

"I want a straightforward answer to mine.

"Is that young woman worthy to be the wife of an honest man?"

The widow coughed.

"My dear sir, you must ask someone else.

"I never talk of anyone.

"I have a daughter of my own; but I should be sorry——"

"There, there, my dear madam; I don't want to hear more!"

And his lordship turned to the open balcony.

Donna Dolores left the room.

Lord Wistern stood thinking for some time, then he came to the conclusion that he would follow the example of his forefathers when the time came; only, unlike them, he would leave no widow or son to mourn him, and have such a dark future.

He sighed deeply.

Better to have stopped amongst a regiment of old maids and match-making mothers than to suffer so.

He would leave Valencia, and try to forget the girl with the face of Murillo's Virgin, of whom the landlady could only speak with a blush.

So his lordship went back to Paris, glad to meet his faithful valet waiting for him.

The widow remained with Aurelia waiting for another rich lodger, almost hating the little seamstress as the cause of sending the Englishman home to his native land.

A short time afterwards a blacksmith fell in love with Aurelia, and married her, the widow selling her handsomely-furnished house, and giving all to her daughter for a dowry, only stipulating that a corner in her daughter's house should be her home for life.

The crafty blacksmith acquiesced; but soon he began to beat his wife, and then her mother for interfering with him, and ended by turning the old lady out of doors.

The night was dark, and a bitter east wind was blowing.

The poor widow was but scantily clad; moreover, she was suffering from asthma, and the cold wind cut through the thin clothing, making her teeth chatter.

Her cough racked her, and she could scarcely keep from falling.

She was about to pass the street where she had lived so happily, but she could not.

Her poor legs trembled and sobs convulsed her frame.

She went down the narrow back street.

Marie, that beautiful seamstress, was about to knock at the door of her humble home.

She recognized the widow, and put out her arm in time to prevent her from falling.

"What is the matter, dear madam?" she asked, in gentle tones.

And then the widow burst into tears, and told her what had happened—how her son-in-law had turned her out of doors, and she had no home—nowhere to go.

Marie was a tender-hearted little girl, and she put her arms round the miserable woman, uttering words of comfort, and then she said—

"Come with me, dear.

"My house is small, I am poor, but I am young, and I can work for both. You shall be my mother.

"I have no one to love or care for; I will love and care for you."

The poor woman was overcome by the kindness of the girl she had done her best to ruin.

She wept, and thanked Marie a thousand times, saying it could not be.

But the girl would not take a refusal, and insisted on Donna Dolores going home with her.

All through the bitter cold winter Marie toiled day and night to procure food for herself and her adopted mother.

In vain the widow entreated her not to work so hard.

Marie answered with a smile, that she was young.

But time told.

The fair girl became ethereally fair, her hands almost transparent, and a deep hacking cough shook her frail frame.

The widow was beside herself.

She did not know how to act.

She nursed the sick girl as if, in truth, she had been her mother.

But all in vain, Marie faded slowly, till at last the poor woman had the bitter knowledge that her only friend had sunk into an early grave, through working for one who had been her most bitter enemy; through whom she had lost a most brilliant position, and, what she would have valued more, a heart's fond love.

True, Dolores had spoken no word against her, but it was not necessary to put into words every slander; a shake of the head, a bitter smile, a scornful turn of the lips, is often sufficient to take away the reputation of a worthy person, sufficient to mar a lifetime.

Marie had been laid in her humble grave six months.

The widow continued to live in her rooms, supporting herself with a little needlework, helping those who required help, nursing the sick, comforting the sad, but remorse filled her bosom.

She was very unhappy, and all her good works could not take away the idea that she was the cause, in more ways than one, of Marie's death.

One dreary night, while wandering aimlessly through the streets, her mind racked by ceaseless remorse, she found herself near the cemetery where lay the remains of her hapless friend.

The gates stood open, though it was near midnight.

She entered, sought the girl's grave, and cast herself on her face in bitter anguish.

Presently, some strange sound startled her.

She looked around.

An owl soaring above her head hooted dismally, and Donna Dolores trembled with fear.

She began to pray.

All at once a figure appeared to rise out of the grave—a lady dressed in shining white robes, her head wreathed in flowers of purest white, in her hand a beautiful bouquet.

It was Marie.

"Forgive, forgive!" murmured the wretched mourner, stretching out her hands to the spectre.

Marie did not seem displeased, but the widow shut her eyes to try and avoid the sight, but in vain.

"Pardon for the wrong I did you!" she cried, imploringly.

"I am unable to grant the forgiveness you crave," replied Marie, in sweet but sad tone.

"It is not I you have wronged so much as these."

She stretched out her arms, and Dolores saw three figures standing by Marie's side.

"It is of these you must win the pardon you seek.

"They would have been my sons, three hearts more to have adored our heavenly Father.

"I suffered much on earth, but greater is my felicity in heaven.

"What is a day of tears, if it buys an eternity of happiness?"

Dolores kept her eyes tightly closed, but the three figures standing together seemed to advance nearer to her.

"I," said the first, a tall dark man, with flashing eyes looking sternly at her—"I would have been a great judge.

"I would have tempered justice with mercy.

"I would have made laws that men could have respected without losing their self-respect."

He drew back when he had finished speaking, pushing forward the one at his side.

"I," said the second,—"I would have carried the lamp of knowledge to lands that grovel in ignorance."

"And I," said a third, who had the blue eyes of Marie,—"I would have been a great physician, and would have taught how to heal diseases that are now believed to be incurable."

All three turned indignantly from the widow, and with one accord cried "Curse you!"

It seemed as if thousands of voices had echoed the dreadful imprecation.

Donna Dolores could scarcely breathe from fear.

At last she cried out, in a broken voice—

"Pardon, pardon!"

But the figures vanished, and in their stead rose a stately building.

In a large hall were sitting many gentlemen.

In the gallery were a few ladies; one young and very fair sat beside England's favorite princess.

More than lovely was she, but despite the velvet robes and glittering gems, the widow recognized Marie.

A gentleman rises; he casts one loving glance towards Marie before he begins his speech.

She rewards him with a smile.

She has no fear that he will break down, for has she not read every word of the paper he holds in his hand?

Does she not know that it is for the widow and orphan he is about to plead.

Very eloquently he speaks; applause is heard on every side.

Tears glisten in the eyes of more than one fair lady.

"This might have been," said Marie.

Dolores groaned.

The scene changed.

She sees a room—a library—in a gentleman's residence.

A man looking older than his years sat by a table apparently reading.

With an air of weariness he pushes aside the volume.

A pair of handsomely-chased pistols are exposed to view in an open case, and a small phial marked "Poison" stands near.

He passes his hand to his aching head, and moves as if to pick up the bottle.

"No, no!" cried Donna Dolores.

"This is more than I can bear!"

"Hush!" said Marie.

"Listen."

The man raises his head.

Dolores recognizes Lord Wistern.

He takes from his bosom a small miniature.

It is one he painted when he was in Valencia.

The face was Marie's.

He looked at it attentively, and then presses it to his lips.

"My beautiful darling, be you what you may, I love you!

"With your love I could have lived; now I seek death.

"Life without you is not worth living.

"Marie, my beautiful dream-love, good-bye."

He lifts the phial to his lips, and drains the contents.

Dolores shuddered.

"Forgive, lady, forgive!" she murmured, stretching out her trembling hand to Marie.

"Forgive me, and let me repair the injury I have cause."

"Repair it!" murmured Marie—"repair it!"

She took a crystal vase, and filled it with water, saying, as she gave it to the widow:

"Pour it out on the ground."

Dolores obeyed.

"Now," she said, "gather it together and again fill the goblet."

"The water has filtered through the earth; it is impossible," said Dolores.

"Thus it is with calumny," said Marie; "any one can scatter it, no one can recover it, nor repay for the injury caused.

"A life of penitence and remorse cannot atone."

Saying this, the vision vanished, and Donna Dolores awoke, and much to her surprise, found herself, not in the cold cemetery, but, in her own comfortable little sitting-room, with Aurelia beside her singing a popular song.

She meditated deeply for a short time, and then went to Lord Wistern's rooms.

What passed between them was never known, but two months after there was a quiet wedding, and Marie spent her honeymoon at the English Lakes.

THE young lady to whom her lover sang "Darling, Kiss My Tears Away," was just leaning out in the moonlight for that purpose when a No. 12 bulldog happened around. Oh, horror! Talk about your kissed kisses, but there was two of 'em to 'of them while the town clock was striking one.

It seems impossible that there can be so much of such great importance [illegible] as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, Alterative and Tonic properties as are [illegible] in Hop Bitters to [illegible] and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

Debby's Wedding.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"INVITED Debby Saflower to your New Year's dinner, Merildy?" inquired Farmer Mugwort, as he deposited an armful of maple-wood under the kitchen stove, and warmed his hands by the fire.

Miss Merildy paused in her occupation of frying doughnuts, long enough to answer her father's question.

"No, I hain't!" she snapped sourly.

"I ain't a-goin' to hev more agreeable folks than her at my New Year's dinner."

"You be!"

Farmer Mugwort gazed at his daughter in open-mouthed surprise.

"Now, I allus thought Debby Saflower was uncommon agreeable," he added timidly.

"Mebbe she is, to the men-folks!" sniffed Merildy.

"She's uncommon disagreeable to me, and I ain't a-goin' to hev her here, so that's the end of it."

"Wal, mebbe 'tis, Merildy; but we must not forgit she's yer dead mother's niece," ventured the old man; "Debby's folks didn't leave her none too well off, neither."

"S'posin' they didn't!" retorted the daughter crabbedly. "Tain't my fault, is it?"

"Wal, how, I ain't a-goin' to invite poor relations to eat dinner here.

"An 'pears like all our relations was poor now, mostly.

"Fust aunt Rhody's folks hev clean broke up sence uncle Bijah sold out the farm and went into the pork-packin' in the city.

"I ain't a-goin' to be pestered by 'em, though, nor by Debby Saflower neither, if she is my cousin!"

And Miss Merildy shut her thin lips together like a vice, and dipped out her last batch of puffy golden brown doughnuts.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Debby Saflower as she sat alone in the little two-roomed cabin where she had lived ever since her mother died.

"New Year's Day again, and no turkey for dinner.

"Not a chicken even, nor a mince-pie, nor anything nice.

"Even my relations have forgotten me," she continued, with a sigh.

"There's Merildy Mugwort has invited the minister's folks and old Mrs. Marrowfat to dinner, and never said a word to me.

"And aunt Rhoda's folks, that I wrote to a month ago, haven't even answered my letter.

"I s'pose I oughtn't to hev invited 'em, seein' I couldn't get up a respectable dinner.

"But they're as poor as I be.

"And besides, how'd I know that a fox was a-goin' to eat up my old gobbler? and the apples I'd saved for sauce were a-rotting down cellar?

"Well, I s'pose it's all for the best, anyway, for I haven't a decent dress to wear to any place if I'd been invited.

"And I won't starve, if I can't have roast turkey and mince-pie.

"I'll fry some sausages and make a batch of crulls, and I'll peel what apples are left and cook 'em for sauce.

"Thank goodness, I've got plenty of fire wood, that uncle Mugwort cut me, surreptitious like.

"But wouldn't Merildy 'a raved if she'd only 'a knew it."

In spite of her thirty odd years, Debby was a good-looking woman still.

Her hair was as ripe as the inside of a ripe chestnut-burr, and her cheeks were still as plump and rosy as when Ike Weatherbee bade her good-bye ten long years ago, and went out west to seek his fortune.

Poor Ike!

Debby sighed as she thought of his merry face and his crisp brown curls.

"He did care for me then," she thought, though he never said so.

"But, of course, he's married before now, so what's the use——"

And rolling up her sleeves over a pair of plump, round arms, Debby proceeded to peel and core the few sound apples she could find for sauce.

Jingle, jingle! came the sound of merry sleigh-bells; but Debby did not look out to see them.

"Some happy folks going by," thought she, half enviously.

But the sleigh did not go by.

It stopped at Debby's door.

"Who can it be?" she thought, hastening to open the door.

"Why, aunt Rhoda!"

And in walked a stout old lady, plentifully sprinkled with snow.

"So you did come, after all!" cried Debby, kissing her.

"But why didn't you write?

"And where's uncle Bijah and the children?"

"Well," smiled aunt Rhody, dusting her bonnet with a spare bit of rocking chair, "we didn't write 'cause we wanted to s'prise you; and Bijah and the girls air out in the sleigh now, a-taking out the boxes and baskets."

Boxes and baskets indeed!

Uncle Bijah came staggering in under a load that would have tried the strength of a horse almost.

"Hello, Debby! Fetch me a hatchet!" he cried.

"You'll want to get that turkey into the oven right away."

Turkey!

Debby stared, while she obeyed, and uncle Bijah soon brought to light a huge gobbler, yellow with fat; and a brace of plump prairie hens, already trussed for roasting.

Then followed a batch of mince-pies, with raisins and nuts, and two huge pound-cakes, frosted and ornamented with Cupids, roses, and lilies of the valley.

"Nice enough for a wedding-cake," thought Debby.

"Didn't know we'd got rich, did you?" asked her uncle.

"Wal we did, an' 'twan't in the pork-packin', either," he added.

"Look here, Debby!" cried her cousin Abigail.

"This cashmere dress, with navy-blue bows, is my present to you."

"And mine," piped Alicia, "is this beaver cloak, and fur muff and boa."

Debby's cup of happiness seemed full, but there was yet another surprise in store for her.

"You haven't forgotten me, have you, Miss Debby?" cried a merry voice.

And there stood Ike Weatherbee, taller, straighter, and handsomer than when he started out west, ten years ago, taking Debby's heart with him.

They had a merry time of it, roasting the turkey and prairie hens, setting the table with a new set of gold-rimmed china—Ike's present to Debby—steaming the plum-pudding, and warming the mince-pies.

And after dinner, while aunt Rhody and the girls washed up the dishes, and uncle Bijah gave the horses a feed and led them to water, handsome Ike Weatherbee found time to have a chat with Debby, and somehow or another a gold ring found its way from his pocket to Debby's finger—the forefinger of her left hand.

* * * * * *

"Did you know, Merildy," said her father, as he brought in the two pails of foaming milk, the next morning, "did you know Ike Weatherbee had come back from California, as rich as a Jew, and twice as good-looking?"

Miss Merildy's small grey eyes shone with delight.

"No!" she ejaculated. "Have you seen him? Did you invite him to come and see us?"

"Wal," explained Farmer Mugwort, slowly, "I seed him as I was a driving the cows up from the pastur' this mornin'.

"Seems he come with yer uncle Bijah's folks, yesterday, to spend New Year's Day with Debby Saflower."

"Debby Saflower!"

Miss Merildy grew fairly green with envy.

"Brought Debby lots of fine dresses and things, too, they did; fur 'pears like, when yer uncle sold his farm and went to pork-packin', he lent Ike half his money to go out west, and now Ike he's made a big fortune for both of 'em."

"What luck some folks hev!" grumbled Merildy.

"Why couldn't you hev lent him the money?"

"Wal, that's what I wanted to do, Merildy," returned the old man mildly.

"But you wouldn't hear to it, you know.

"Oh, and I forgot to say Ike asked me to come to his wedding!"

"His wedding!"

"Yes.

"He was after the minister to marry him an' Debby Saflower this morning at ten o'clock."

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.—Learn to govern yourselves, and to be gentle and patient. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and seek [illegible] by prayer, [illegible] and a sense of your own [illegible] and errors. Never speak of evil [illegible] you have power over your words or acts. Remember that, valuable as is speech, silence [illegible] much more valuable. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose developments we must expect, and which we should forbear and show forgiveness ourselves. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that make the quarrel. Beware of the first disagreement. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small. Do not neglect little things, if they can effect the comfort of others in the smallest degree. Avoid moods and pets, and fits of sullenness. Learn to deny yourself, and to prefer others. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers. Never charge a bad motive, if a good one is conceivable. Be gentle, but firm, with children. Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are. Do not allow them to go where they please on holidays. Do not furnish them with much spending money. Remember the grave, the judgment-seat, and the scenes of eternity, and so order your home on earth that you shall have a home in heaven.

M. S.

An undertaker of Detroit, Michigan, is charged with cutting the hair from pauper dead and selling it to wig-makers.

GENTLEMEN—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering with debility or any one in bed or in health, I cordially recommend them.

J. C. STOLLZELL, 983 Lincoln st., Chicago, Ill.

New Publications.

"The Bride of Lammermoor," the second volume of the new and cheap edition of The Waverly Novels, by Sir Walter Scott is just published. It will be completed in Twenty-six Weekly Volumes, each volume being a novel complete in itself, and one volume will be issued every Saturday until the whole are published. Each book will make a large octavo volume. Price 15 cts. Peterson & Sons, Phila., Pa.

N. W. Ayer & Son's "American Newspaper Annual of 1883 contains a carefully prepared list of all Newspapers and Periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in Geographical Sections, and by Towns in alphabetical order.

It also gives the Population of the United States, and of each State, Territory, County and County-seat, the chief Cities and Towns and of nearly every place in which a paper is published, from the Census of 1880. Also similar information concerning the Dominion of Canada, from the Census of 1881.

It otherwise contains a carefully-prepared description of every County in the United States, as well as of each State and Territory as a whole, and of each of the Canadian Provinces, giving valuable information concerning their mineral deposits, chief Agricultural products, principal manufactures, nature of the surface and soil, location, area, etc. There is no other single publication within our knowledge which contains information of such varied use and value for general business purposes. Complete in all its departments, thorough in its details, giving just the information needed, and only that, simply arranged, easily referred to, carefully compiled,—it is, in fact, a model work of its kind; for those having any interest in advertising in any way the work is invaluable. Philadelphia, Pa. Price, $5.00

"The Fair Enchantress; or, How She Won Men's Hearts," just published, is a novel of great power and interest. It deals chiefly with the history of a young girl, who, thrown upon the world through the murder of her mother is rescued and educated by a wealthy citizen of New Orleans. The young girl, Mora, devotes herself to the detection and punishment of her mother's assassin. Mora has several admirers, all worthy and honorable men, and her love affairs will certainly enrapture all lady readers, as cleverly are they depicted. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

[illegible] Marriage or The Secret of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

POOR JOSIE.

BY PIPKIN.

UNCLE ALFRED'S home was in the country.

My little sisters and I lived with our parents, in the very heart of a great, busy, bustling manufacturing city.

Our house was a very nice one, it is true, and although a narrow strip of garden with a strong iron fence was all that separated it from the street in front, behind was quite a large lawn, with shrubs, and trees, and flowers, and a high brick wall around it, against which apple, pear, and plum-trees were trained.

There was a summer-house, too, with creepers trailing over it; so that upon the whole we might have been worse off.

It was very pleasant in spring-time to find the crocuses and snowdrops peeping up through the brown earth, and the trees all looked with blossoms and leaves, that for weeks to come the smoke and grime of the city did not seem to soil.

But notwithstanding all this, we thought about the country as a kind of far-off fairy land, and our annual summer visit to Uncle Alfred's great farm was something to look forward to months before the time came round, and to talk and dream about months after it was past and gone.

Uncle Alfred was a bachelor, but he dearly loved children, and was so good-natured, and pleasant, and nice, that we used to fight for places on his knee, and those of us who couldn't get up, hung around his easy-chair, or squatted on his footstool beside him.

It was so delightful to hear him telling stories about all our country friends and favorites—of course I mean the live stock about the farm, not human friends.

We never failed to inquire about each and all of them every time he came up, and used to ply him with questions that few save Uncle Alfred would have taken the trouble to answer.

"Oh yes!" he would tell us; "old Dobbin the mare was as motherly-looking as ever, and would be delighted to carry four of us on her back when we came down again.

"And the filly, oh! it was growing, to be sure, though as yet it looked nought but legs.

"Jemmy the donkey seemed to be getting wiser every day.

"The brown cow that cropped the lawn still licked the milkmaid's hair, and it was the cow that had sent us the cream and the sweet butter, to show she hadn't forgotten us.

"The game-cock was more impudent and independent than ever.

"The big sow, that always ran to, when spoken to, and threw herself down to be stroked, wasn't a bit altered; and Bruce, the Highland sheep-dog, cocked his head and barked whenever any of our names were mentioned."

And so on.

But one winter I fell ill of whooping-cough, and did not seem to get easily over it.

"Send him down to the country," said Uncle Alfred, who paid us a visit one fine day in spring.

"That'll make him all right in a week or two."

So it was arranged that I should go with uncle.

Oh, didn't my brothers and sisters envy me!

They thought it quite hard that they hadn't had the whooping-cough as badly as I.

I promised to bring them something nice when I returned, but at the time I had no idea what it would be.

Now, it is no part of my intention to tell you how I enjoyed myself in the country, at dear old uncle's farm.

Suffice it to say I did enjoy myself, as only a town boy could have done, and I seemed to get better every day, and in less than a month could boast of a pair of rosy cheeks and a sunburnt brow, that said well for the way I fared.

There was not an animal about all the place I did not make friends with, and even the wild birds that built in the tree-tops and hedgerows never seemed the least bit afraid of me.

It is somewhat strange, though I am very glad, that it never occurred to me to get a young bird and try to rear it.

It was great fun to watch the lovely creatures, however, and listen to their songs.

I was an early riser, and one of my chief delights used to be watching the starlings.

There was a cottage on the farm in which, I dare say, somebody at some time or other had dwelt, but which was now given up to the rats.

Not that those busybodies occupied the whole of the building, for the starlings had taken possession of the chimneys.

[illegible] in the morning, and there on sunny mornings they were in the habit of holding [illegible].

One day there was an unusual uproar among the starlings.

One of their young ones had fallen down the chimney and I believe I was the first to find it out. I ran to call my sister to come and look at it, for in doing so I would have to leave it for a few minutes.

When we returned a very little [illegible] was missing.

Not a bit like the old ones, with a broad yellow mouth, which it gaped when I went to pick it up, and no tail at all worth mentioning.

If I could have done so, I should have liked it back in the nest to which it belonged; but this I knew I could not do, as I did not know from which one it had fallen.

So I thought—

"Oh, if I could only keep it, and tame and rear it, what a nice present to take home to my brothers and sisters!"

I was more successful than I could have dreamed of being.

I placed it in a tiny wire cage in my bedroom window all day, and, strange to say, its parents came and fed it.

I took it in all night, and it screamed so early in the morning that I had to get up, and feed it with pea-pudding and worms, that I had gathered the night before, and then go back to bed again.

I have kept many strange pets since poor Josie died, but never one whose whole life and history formed a better example of the power of kindness, and to this day I have a warm heart towards starlings.

My Josie never had any fear.

He was the boldest, not to say the most impudent, bird ever I had.

Why did I call him Josie?

I did not name him so.

He himself fancied the name, and took to it.

There was at my uncle's a horse called Josie, and when I hung the bird's cage on a nail outside the window, which I did every morning at four o'clock, for peace sake, he used to listen to all the sounds about the farm, and very soon learned them.

In less than four months Josie not only could pipe a simple tune, but he could talk, and did talk constantly all day, except when doing mischief; then he was so very quiet that some one always went to see what he was about.

He was never confined to his cage, but slept there, and could retire whenever he wished.

He used to follow me about the garden, and if he did not know the ins and outs of every shrub and flower in it, it was not for the want of examining them, and in about six months he was a very good linguist.

He was very fond of the old horse called Josie, whose name he had adopted.

He would sit between his ears, and call out—

"Gee up, gee up, Josie!" most clearly.

Then he would whistle on the dog, then crow like the game-cock, or mew like the cat, then pipe a bit of a tune, and finish off by pecking the horse's brow, and crying—

"Gee up, Josie, gee up!"

My uncle was delighted with him, and after one of Josie's little performances would always say to me—

"Well, well, isn't it funny?"

I could not attempt to describe the delight and wonder of my little sisters and brothers when they became acquainted with Josie, on my return to town.

They had read of birds that talked, but had never seen one before, and were at first a little afraid of him.

As soon as Josie got out of his cage, he flew straight to the fender, very much to the surprise and alarm of pussy.

But Joe perched there, turning his back on her, and spreading out his wings to the kindly blaze.

Pussy eyed the bird with her ears back, but when he coolly remarked, "Joe's cold, poor Joe's cold," she [illegible].

"Cat's ill, so—ord.

"Isn't it funny?"

Then pussy fled out of the room, and we did not see her again for a week.

But puppy and he got good friends at last, and it was highly amusing to see them both eating out of the same dish.

Sometimes he used to peck at her in mere wantonness.

Then pussy would hit at him with a gloved hand, on which Josie would back a step or two, and say—

"Oh! you rascal! you ra—ra—rascal!

"Mo-aw—mo-aw.

"Come on, come on.

"Poor Josie.

"Isn't it funny?"

Whenever Josie got a little excited he suffered from a nervous impediment in his speech.

But at all times his speeches were about the most ridiculously amusing pieces of oratory ever anyone listened to. Simply a jumble of nonsense.

Here is one, so you can judge for yourself.

It began with whistling, and the words that followed were brought out with surprising rapidity:

"Whew, whew, whew.

"Mo-aw—meow, call the cat, call the cat.

"Pretty, pretty, pretty cold, call the cock, call the cold, gee up, poor Jo-Jo-Jo—Josie, whew, whew, whew, isn't it funny?"

Josie soon became perfectly at home in town.

He used to fly about the garden with us children, often perched upon our heads, more often on a bush, or even on the wall.

Sometimes he used to fly up to the house-top, and have a little conversation with the [illegible] but generally he would strut [illegible] watching the cat was after them, off they would fly.

Then Josie would look all around in astonishment, and finding himself all alone down he would come again, and settle with us perhaps, saying to himself, "Poor Jo, Jo, Josie, isn't it funny?"

Poor Josie indeed!

I cannot tell you how very much we all loved him.

Even the servants were fond of him, although he was constantly doing mischief of some kind in the kitchen.

He was so inquisitive, he must see into everything.

His beak did duty for a chisel and hammer both.

He opened or bored through every parcel that came in.

He was never tired of examining the servants' straw bonnets, ribbons, and hats, and that did not at all improve them.

When any of my sisters got a new doll, Josie was never content until he had seen the sawdust; and all the satisfaction my sisters got from Jo was this remark, "Isn't it funny?"

Alas for our pet!

A strange cat one day laid his back open with her claws.

We bore him in, and laid him tenderly by the fire.

But he never rightly rallied.

And about the third day he staggered on to the fender.

"Poor Jo," he said.

"Jo is co-co-cold.

"Isn't it —"

He never spoke more.

We buried him under an apple-tree on which many a song he had sung, many the laugh he had given us.

Then we placed him in a cigar-box.

And in the bark of the tree I cut the letters—

"Poor Jo."

OUTWITTING A BULL.

BY PERCY VERE.

A FEW summers ago, I was on a visit to an old school-companion named John Grant, who was factor to a gentleman in the country.

He had lately married a cousin of mine.

He was a good-natured, kind-hearted fellow, and a great favorite with all who knew him.

I was, and still am engaged in business, but on receipt of my cousin's invitation—I usually called him John, 'cousin'—I burned away from its smoky purlieus, and was soon installed under his hospitable roof.

We both fond of fishing, and the proximity of a river afforded every facility for its indulgence.

Some days after my arrival, I accompanied my cousin to see a recent purchase, a magnificent bull, brought home.

All the people about the place had turned out to see the arrival.

It was a large powerful animal of a brownish-red color, with a pair of splendid horns.

Two men led it with ropes, as it had already earned a reputation for fierceness.

It was let loose in a field near the river, the fences of which were deemed sufficiently trustworthy.

One day not long after, my cousin had occasion to visit a neighboring market-town, promising to be back early in the afternoon.

Having seen him canter off on his favorite chestnut mare I repaired to the river-side with my rod, intending to kill time at all events, whether I managed to kill anything else or not.

Sauntering down the footpath which skirted the field in which the bull had been quartered, I saw the animal quietly browsing at some distance.

Having heard or read somewhere that bulls have an antipathy to the color red, I determined to prove by experiment whether it was true.

Standing on a projecting stone of the fence, on the safe side of which I stood, I unfurled my red silk pocket-handkerchief, and waved it in the breeze.

It was sometime before his bovine majesty noticed it; but, after a little, he raised his head and looked at the fluttering rag.

Presently, curiosity impelled him to take a closer view, and on he came at a smart walk, finally breaking into a run.

When about fifty yards distant, he paused to reconnoitre.

Then, having apparently made up his mind, he bellowed loudly and charged at full speed.

Not waiting the actual onslaught, I put the dangerous piece of silk into my pocket, and continued my walk.

The bull followed me at far as the limits of the field would allow, and when interrupted by a fence, stood gazing at me as I retreated.

A short saunter brought me to the river, where I was soon engaged watching for [illegible].

At that point, the river was about [illegible] yards wide, and quite deep enough to drown one, who could not swim well with [illegible] and boots. It had just rained a current. About two chained yards from where I stood was a [illegible], which were usually kept a few shifts, for fishing or crossing to the other side.

I whipped the water as I slowly sauntered in that direction, but with small success.

Lighting a cigar, I was about to make myself comfortable in a grassy nook of the bank, when a noise caused me to look round.

To my surprise and dismay, I saw that the bull had somehow or other broken out of the field, and was moving towards me. Fortunately, he was yet about four hundred yards distant, and only walking, but evidently highly excited.

I thought at first he did not see me, owing to the swell of the bank; but before I could conceal myself, a loud bellow warned me that I was recognized.

Not wishing to excite the brute by a precipitate retreat, I began to walk slowly in the direction of the boathouse.

My dreadful pursuer followed slowly at first, but gradually augmenting his pace, broke into a run.

I saw at once that unless I ran also, my chance of reaching the boathouse first, was small.

I therefore set off at full speed, thinking in such circumstances discretion was the better part of valor.

I was, however, well aware that my hasty flight was certain to draw the enraged beast after me with even greater vigor than before; but I calculated on reaching my goal first, and jumping into the boat which usually lay there, push off, and thus escape being impaled on his cruel horns.

Glancing over my shoulder, I found, to my dismay, that the brute was rapidly gaining on me; with couched head and elevated tail, on he came like a whirlwind. Flinging away my rod, I bent all my powers to the attainment of speed.

Not daring to look round again, I heard the rapid thud of his hoofs gradually getting louder.

Eighty yards from the boathouse. Frantic with apprehension, I strained every nerve. Fifty, twenty yards, and the enraged demon is close at my heels! I reached the boathouse panting and breathless. The door is shut—locked!

There is no welcome boat lying at the side in which I might have escaped. Having no choice and no time for deliberation, I plunged into the river.

I waded in till it reached my neck, then turned, and looked at the bull. To my great relief, he had not entered the water, but stood glaring at what was visible of me apparently astonished at the sudden diminution of the bulk.

After giving vent to his disappointment by pawing the ground and bellowing fiercely, he stood eyeing me, evidently conscious that I was in a fix.

Thus we stood looking at one another for some time, the conviction growing stronger as I felt the water chill me, that I could not remain long where I was.

I trusted that some one might discover the escape of the brute, and, giving the alarm come to my rescue.

But minutes passed slowly without help appearing, and I was getting desperately cold. Once or twice, I fancied the brute was about to enter the water and attack me; but he always paused abruptly on the brink, apparently unwilling to trust himself further.

If I had been a swimmer, I might have crossed to the other side, and thus have escaped; but never having learned that useful accomplishment, I dared not venture beyond my depth.

I was getting deadly cold, when a bright idea occurred: I would let my hat float down the river; perhaps the bull would follow it!

Drawing a deep breath, I bent down till the water reached the rim of my hat, which was a felt one. Keeping it on with my hands, I moved slowly down the stream a little, then bending still lower, let the current float it gently away. I remained under till I felt acute agony from the want of breath. Not venturing yet to raise my head, I bent backwards so as to bring my [illegible] with the surface, in order that I might breathe without being seen. After I had [illegible] a long time, I raised my head cautiously, and looked to see where my terrible enemy was.

My ruse had succeeded; he was following the hat at a considerable distance down stream.

Fearful yet to venture out, I waited till he disappeared round a bend of the river, which, with feeling of thankfulness I cannot express, I waited no more. I was deadly cold, my teeth were chattering, and I shivered violently. I could scarcely walk, owing to the benumbed state of my limbs; but pulling myself together, I moved in the direction of the [illegible].

On the way, I met a number of men looking for the truant bull. They were surprised to find me without my hat and dripping with wet.

Having separated them shortly with my adventure, they continued their pursuit. I heard afterwards that considerable difficulty was experienced in capturing the brute.

My unusual appearance naturally caused Mrs. Grant some surprise; and when I explained the cause of it, she was thankful I had escaped a horrible death. After having [illegible] clothes, I felt little the worse for my ungainly adventure, and was able to [illegible] better in the evening. As the events of the morning had [illegible], I was requested to [illegible] for some time, with the view of improving his manners in the future; but perhaps my manner of outwitting an adversary so dangerous as a thoroughly roused bull, may be of service to others on a similar emergency.

Messrs. English and Irish are partners in the furniture business at Buffalo.

[illegible]

TEAR AND SMILE.

BY J. D.

"What are you?" said a tear
To a smile playing near.
"With a flickering shimmer,
You transiently glimmer
On the meaningless features of mirth:
But you nothing express
Of the anguish and stress
That make up man's portion on earth."

"You are rather severe,"
Said the smile to the tear,
"For as day, to shine bright,
Needs a background of night,
So grief must be bordered with gladness;
And the light of a smile,
More than once in a while,
Helps a tear to unbosom its sadness."

WHIMS OF GREAT MEN.

SOME amusing features from the lives of celebrated men have been brought together by a German writer.

Auber wrote on horseback; it was not possible for him to write in any other place than in Paris, however beautiful another residence might be, and however many attractions it might offer.

Adam composed best when he lay, with his clothes on, in bed, and showed as great antipathy to all landscape beauty as love to his cats.

The same antipathy to all beauty is charged to Donizetti, who always slept when he went upon a journey, when he should have given his attention to the romantic scenery of Switzerland and Italy.

Cimarosa could not write without having a lot of friends around him, with whom he kept up an active conversation about art matters.

Sacchini's train of thought was interrupted when his cats did not play their antics upon his writing-desk.

Sarti could only become inspired in a room without furniture, and which was dimly lighted.

Spontini could only compose in the dark, and Meyerbeer composed best during thunderstorms, under the roof of his house.

Salieri gained his inspirations while he walked quickly through the streets filled with a human throng, meantime eating a great quantity of confections.

Haydn, in order to compose, sat in a soft arm-chair, with his gaze directed to Heaven.

Gluck composed in the open air, best in the glaring sunshine. He liked champagne by his work, and gesticulated violently, as if he were an actor on the boards.

Handel wandered in the churchyard, and when he wished to become inspired he sat himself down in one corner of it which was shaded by weeping willows.

Paestrello composed in bed, and did not leave it until he had finished a whole operatic scene or act.

Mehul was a great worshipper of flowers, and often fell into silent reverie in observing them. He felt happiest in a quiet garden.

Mozart gained his inspiration from reading Homer, Dante, and Petrarch; Verdi must read passages from Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Ossian and Victor Hugo. Schiller inspired his music by the smell of rotten apples, which he kept constantly in his desk; besides this, he liked to live amid surroundings corresponding to the subject on which he worked. When he wrote the last act to "Mary Stuart" he had his servants clothed in black; and so long as he worked on "Wallenstein" he neglected no review or other military spectacle, and at home his wife must sing battle pieces to him.

Goethe loved to have classic works of art before him as he wrote. It is known that in the creation of his "Iphigenia" he had the image of an antique female before him, in order to see if that which he made his heroine say would suit the features before him.

Jean Paul replenished his ideas while taking a walk, and drank a glass of beer now and then on the way. In writing he loved the strong smell of flowers.

Herr von Kleist worked with great difficulty, and when he made poetry it was as if he had a conflict with an invisible fiend. Just the opposite was the case with Father Wieland. In making his poems he trilled a lively song, and sometimes would spring away from his work and cut a caper in the air.

Kotzebue, in the composing of his dramas, was also actor. He himself acted single scenes in his study. It is related that when Sand murdered him, his little son, as he saw him reel and then writhe upon the ground, called out to his mother: "See, mamma, father plays comedy again!"

Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, is said to have whistled street songs as he wrote his verses upon paper. His conversation in such moments is said to have been obscene.

A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing-desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with books and papers, behind which he is seated, formally barricaded. Also a quantity of dogs, cats, poultry, pigeons and singing birds are to be seen around, and these he feeds, strokes, and keeps out of mischief while he is writing. In the background stand a number of printer's "devils" waiting for copy, and booksellers and such people, who have business with him. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often, a conversation at the same time. He is very negligent in his dress.

Grains of Gold.

The mean man is always sure to gloss his faults.

One man's fault should be another man's lesson.

The church is God's angelic messenger to the race.

Never make a promise that you do not intend to fulfill.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little.

With God, go over the sea; without Him, go not over the threshold.

If you are not wiser or better at the end of the day, that day is lost.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no harm.

Do this very day and hour the duties which this day and hour demand.

The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy.

Without content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please ourselves as others.

The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

He who gives way to angry invective furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is a bad one.

There is no better test of purity and true goodness than reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor.

Those who give not till they die, show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.

Some persons, instead of making a religion for their God, are content to make a God of their religion.

Theoretical reformers begin their great work with others, but the practical reformer begins with himself.

We should never make enemies, if for no other reason, because it is so hard to behave toward them as we ought.

We think our civilization is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock crowing and the morning star.

Anyone may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament.

We all feel able to accustom ourselves to the possession of wealth, but to get used to poverty we have never learned.

The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

Singular that the word miser, so often expressive of one who is rich, should, in its origin, signify one that is miserable.

The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

There is but one road to lead us to God—humility. All other ways would only lead astray, even were they fenced in with all virtues.

In the midst of hopes and cares, or apprehensions and of disquietude, regard every day that dawns upon you as if it was to be your last.

Be determined, if possible, never to injure the feelings or tastes of any one, and cultivate earnestly the most graceful way of expressing kind actions.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

If it were not for the assurance that "truth crushed to earth will rise again," one might despair for the future of society after the completion of a political campaign.

By one's self is evil done, by one's self one suffers. By one's self evil is left undone, and by one's self one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to one's self; no one can purify another.

Femininities.

Women flag railway crossings in Austria.

Mrs. M. M. Munger superintends the Nebraska public schools.

Madagascar, with the exception of a few years, has been ruled by women since 1828.

An Eastern paper says we ought to have a law compelling every girl who is engaged to wear a red bow at her throat.

The difference between conscience and woman is, that conscience makes such cowards of us all, when women make fools of us all.

It was a Cincinnati young lady who, when she was presented with a pair of opera-glasses, asked how in the world she was ever to keep them on.

It has been said that women are the connecting link between men and angels, but marriage is certainly the connecting link between men and women.

If a Japanese husband tells his wife she must remain at home, and she goes out notwithstanding, he can smite her one hundred times with the bamboo.

The females of some of the Indian tribes fill their mouths with water in order to keep silence. Our women fill their mouths with tea, and gossip more than ever.

"Missionary Hen's Nest" is the name of a Baptist Church in Valabusha county, Miss., from the fact that the ladies of the church contribute eggs to the missionary cause.

A Mexican lady of rank has her hair two and a half yards long. It is a mighty fortunate thing for the Mexicans that she is a lady of rank instead of a cook in a boarding-house.

Girls, would it not be business-like to advertise something after this style: "A discount of 20 per cent will be allowed on all Christmas presents received before October 31?"

A teacher said to a little girl in school, "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am," she responded; "I would if I couldn't catch her."

Maggie Ballentine, a 17-year-old girl of Portsmouth, Va., was an habitual smoker, but careless in lighting her pipe. The other day her garments caught fire while thus engaged, and she was burned to death.

Sick-headache patients are advised to swallow glasses of lukewarm water in rapid succession, to be followed immediately by a glass of hot mustard-water. The effect is at times very beneficial to the uninitiated.

A lady in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident, and couldn't stop. Finally, a doctor was called in, but he couldn't quiet her. As a last resort some one had to tell her that her back hair was coming down.

A dreamy writer says it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from the time of its spinning until it becomes a lady's dress. No doubt. But most men would prefer to follow it after it becomes a dress, and the lady is in it.

It is the fashion now-a-days, when a girl gets married, to send samples of the wedding-dress for her friends to dream on, instead of a chunk of the wedding-cake. It is not half as apt to attract mice, and it never greases the pillow.

It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer of tourists, and he offers it to the traveling public, that you can generally tell a newly married couple at the dinner table by the indignation of the husband when a fly alights on the wife's butter.

In a California cemetery a large monument stood over the grave of a man whose relatives were dead. A woman boldly had it removed to her own lot, planed off the inscription, and had it lettered again to suit the mortuary requirements of her family.

What would society do if a man should enter a ball-room with his arms bare to the shoulder and his shirt open from where his suspenders cross on his back to the third button on his breast in front? Will some woman's rights lady please answer and oblige?

A Georgia man and his wife fell out about religion, and agreed to get a divorce. They went to Atlanta, consulted a lawyer, were laughed out of their purpose, shook hands, kissed, paid the lawyer, bought heaps of candy for the children, and returned home happy.

In Clerburne, Texas., Mrs. Baylis has been excommunicated from the Adventist Church on the ground that she is "possessed with a devil." It was her custom, after coming out of a trance, to relate what she claimed to have seen going on among the communicants.

"No, George, I can never return your love; I never dreamed you loved me so—you should have spoken of it before. But I cannot return your love." "No," moaned the broken-hearted lover, as he grasped his hat, "nor the oysters and ice cream, neither," and George went out into the wet.

Stout was to be hanged at Rockville, Ind., and Dunbar, a brother of the man he had murdered, intended to see the execution. Just as Dunbar was about to start, a messenger tapped him on the shoulder, and told him that his daughter had committed suicide. Grief over the death of her uncle, and joy at the doom of the assassin had maddened her.

A Chicago wholesale house sent out three female drummers by way of experiment. One of them wore all her samples to a pic-nic, and got lemonade, pie, and grass-stains all over them; another got mashed on a brakeman, and followed him off; and the third reported three new dresses, a lawn tennis suit, and a garden-hat, and a Langtry bang in her expense account.

A lady of Clinton, Mass., recently mixed a batch of bread which failed to rise, even after a delay of twenty hours. Not wishing her father to see the waste, she carried the dough into the garden and buried it. The next morning her father called her out to see an immense white mushroom of an unknown variety. She enlightened him as to its nature and origin before he invited the neighbors to come and see it.

News Notes.

Linen is now bleached by electricity.

Pullman, Ill., has no saloons, no police, and no jail.

Brick masons receive $8 a day at Missoula, M. T.

People who buy coal by the bucket pay $20 a ton for it.

Accident, fire and pestilence have killed 71,030 people this year.

About four times as much candy is sold during the winter as during the summer.

France is ruled by lawyers. They hold all the public offices and most of the ministries.

Scarcely a day passes that strangers do not place flowers on the grave of Abraham Lincoln.

The largest cow in America, weighing 3,200 pounds, belongs to John Pratt, of Chase county, Kan.

The Emperor Napoleon always eat oysters on the eve of a battle, if it were possible to get them.

Mosquitoes are accused by Professor A. F. A. King of originating and disseminating malarial disease.

The number of immigrants who landed at New York during the eight months ending August 31 was 284,166.

A Sunday-school boy combated with his teacher, holding that, the world being round, could have no end.

A Texas hen set for three days on a nest full of hail-stones, before she discovered that they were not eggs.

A fifteen-year-old bride cried for an hour before her seventeen-year-old husband would allow her to fly a kite.

A patron saint of journalism is soon to be nominated by the Pope, and Francis de Sales will probably be chosen.

The introduction of a hot Irish stew in a London mission school has been a great success as an incentive to study.

The French are experimenting with a new rifle, designed for infantry use, which is said to discharge three projectiles at a time.

A steamboat made almost entirely of paper is about to be launched on the Ohio River. It is twenty feet long, and can carry several tons.

A New York county farmer exhumed from beneath a load of grain a living chicken, which had had neither food nor water for forty days.

Near Harrington, Del., a locomotive and three cars passed over a child as it lay sleeping between the rails. The child was but slightly hurt.

The local journal of Cape May greatly damaged its popularity by accidentally using a "b" in place of an "s," calling the place a summer resort.

An editorial six and a half columns in length, reviewing the past session of Parliament, appeared in the London Times of the 25th day of last month.

A letter containing three dollars in bills turned up at Ilion, N. Y., one day last week, after wandering through various postoffices for sixteen years.

Of 91,997 insane people in the United States, 44,458 are males and 47,539 are females; while of 73,535 idiots, 45,349 are males, and only 31,186 are females.

Two Chicago girls tested their ability to hold their breath. One could not begin breathing again when she wished to, and was with difficulty resuscitated.

A boy who was tried recently in Kentucky on the charge of carrying a concealed weapon, was acquitted upon the ground that he was too small to conceal a weapon so large.

A flock of robins and sparrows attacked a cat that had stolen a young bird in West Chester, and by pecking her upon the head, compelled her to drop her prey and run for her life.

In Kingston, Ont., one of the newspapers advocates a reduction of the police force, for the reason, among others, that the Salvation Army has left the policemen but little to do.

A British patriot, dangerously ill, declined to have a poorhouse doctor attend him, as he would thereby become a pauper, and would lose his vote. He lost both his life and his vote.

Shirt-tail Flat, Whisky Bend, Puppytown, Wild Yankee Ranch, Squaw Flat, Rawhide Ranch, Loafer's Ravine, Squitch Gulch, and Tucsall Lake, are a few of the names of places in Butte county, Cal.

A mail-carrier, who has a kicking horse, has sewed the beast's ears together at the tips, in the belief that a horse never kicks without moving his ears, and, if unable to move them, will not use his heels.

The strength of man's tendency to sleep in church was illustrated recently in Lewiston, Me., where a burglar was found in sound slumber in a pew of St. Peter's, with his kit of tools scattered around him.

While digging potatoes the other day in his garden Andrew Smith, of Ruhrersville, Md., thrust his hand into a peculiar-shaped hole in the ground. It was the home of a copperhead, and Smith will lose his arm if not his life.

There was a hod-carrying contest near Washington a few days ago between an expert of that city and one from Baltimore. The Washington man won by filling and carrying four hods a certain distance while his competitor was endeavoring to dispose of two.

A CARELESS DIET, OR CHANGE OF WATER, often produces, in Summer weather, an obstinate Diarrhœa, or serious Bowel Affection, which, if you would treat rationally, try at once Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a safe remedy for such attacks, and equally effectual for Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and Summer Complaints.

JUDICIAL DRESS.

THE bench of English judges would seem to have as nice appreciation of color and other little frivolities of dress as their less gifted fellows.

In 1635 a solemn decree was made by all the judges of the courts of Westminster, assembled in solemn conclave, appointing what robes they should henceforth use and at what times. The paper they then drew up is too long for insertion here, but it may be remarked that its main points are still rigidly adhered to in the present costume of the English bench.

I had the opportunity the other day of examining the splendor of an English judge's robe through the courtesy of Mr. Wetherall, of Bell Yard, Chancery Lane, who makes them. The full dress is a scarlet gown, cape and hood trimmed with ermine, the sleeves very full, with deep cuffs of ermine and loose bands and collars. A broad scarlet band encircles the waist, and the traditional "gun case" is slipped under it and carried across the shoulder.

The Lord Chief Justice wears in addition, on grand occasions, a broad gold chain, called a collar of S. S., supposed to have been a Lancastrian badge adopted by Henry IV. The letters stand, some say, for "Souveraigne;" others that they are designed in honor of St. Simplicius, a martyr.

There is also an undress robe of black silk and another of puce-colored silk with cape and hood, trimmed with fawn-colored taffeta, with deep sleeves of the same material.

A couple of wigs, ordinary and extraordinary, short clipped and full bottomed, with coif, and a black cloth square cap vulgarly known as "his sentence cap," because the judge never places it on his head except when he proceeds to pass sentence of death on a criminal, completes the costume.

This last article of dress may be traced back to the middle of the seventeenth century, to the time of Hale, at least, who wore it at the last trial for witchcraft in England. The full bottomed wig and the ordinary English barrister's wig came into vogue at the restoration, being importations from France.

At first the judges would not suffer the young barristers to plead before them so attired, but by and by it became the custom, and Lord Campbell mentions that, being once engaged before the House of Lords for sixteen hours in a great privilege case, he asked leave to speak without his wig. Leave was solemnly given by the judges, with the condition that "it was not to be drawn into a precedent."

Many judges have ridiculed the wig, Campbell, Denman and Brougham among the number. It is the silliest and most useless, if not positively harmful, part of a barrister's or judge's costume, and one is amazed to think it possible that men of ordinary common sense should, in the year 1883, array themselves in such preposterous headgear.

The "stovepipe hat" has at least the merit of being well ventilated through the top; but the wig is like a tarpaulin cover over a conservatory in summer—a bottler up of heat and ventilation.

The fusion of law and equity has, so Mr. Wetherall tells me, suggested that a change should be made in the robes of a vice-chancellor who is no longer a vice-chancellor, but a plain justice of the Supreme Court.

And I saw in Mr. Wetherall's glass case for such articles, a gaudy gown of black silk and gold lace that reminded one very much of the robes of the late Mr. Pumblechook, the beadle.

This sample emblem of the majesty of the law had been submitted as a pattern of what an ex-vice-chancellor's gown should be.

Very sensibly the ex-vice-chancellors rejected the trumpery with one accord, and, as the matter stands, in court they wear a robe of plain black silk.

A beggar woman, of Helena, Mont., realizes sometimes as much as $30 a day from her mendicancy.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A GOLDEN HAIR.

'Twas only a golden strand of hair,
A tiny, glittering thread;
But his face grew pale as he saw it there
With a strange, unspoken dread.

Was it a romance that riiken braid
Recalled to his tortured brain,
That his heart beat fast, and his face betrayed
The fear repressed in vain?

Was it the pledge of a heart's first love
That his life with flowers might strew,
Or a blighting souvenir he strove
To hide of a love untrue?

Why did the strong man shrink in haste?
What was this quick surprise?
And why was a nameless terror traced
In his staring, startled eyes?

'Twas only the golden strand of hair
Coiled on his breast alone,
For his wife had spotted it lying there,
And knew it was not her own.

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

When are two kings like three miles? When they make a league.

If you lost your nose what would you do? Take the first one that turns up.

"Julius, seize her!" said Sambo, as Julius was contemplating a fat pullet in the moonlight.

A brick-layer is always a mason, but the man who fetches up the bricks is always a hod-fellow.

They threw one of the brides old shoes after the carriage in St. Louis the other day, but there was no luck in it. It knocked off one of the wheels, and the bridal pair missed the train.

A conductor who applied at a Boston railway office for a position, was asked what experience he could pretend. "Oh," he said, "I've been two years down East learning how to pack sardines."

A Brooklyn woman has been arrested, charged with stealing an accordeon. A woman that is wicked enough to steal an accordeon would do worse. She would even play on the diabolical instrument.

A conversation that ma did not hear: "Pa, I was reading to-day where it says that a woman's tongue is her sword." "Yes, my son; and just think of all the nations that have been put to the sword!"

A tramp reached into the pantry window of an out-of-town house the other night, and tried to steal a pound of butter, but it was so strong it drew him in and whistled for the dog. The tramp vows he will never tackle any more country butter.

In one of the Western courts lately a lawyer threw an inkstand at another's head. The court required him to apologize. He did so, and added: "While I am about it, I may as well apologize beforehand for throwing another inkstand at him the first chance I get."

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

A HOME DRUGGIST
TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer!—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

PATENT MEDICINES—Send for Prices. William T. TOTTEN, 872 N. Tenth St., Phila., Pa.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c, postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable; containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail store in the United States.

AYER'S
Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

Fast Potato Digging!

The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger
Saves its cost yearly, FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!
Sent on 30 Days' TEST TRIAL.
Agents Wanted.

Write Postal Card for Free Illustrated Circulars. Mention this paper. Address
Monarch Manufacturing Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED

To canvass for the sale of our Nursery stock. No previous experience required. Salary and expenses paid. Our Nursery established 1846—one of the largest in the United States. Address
W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Hignanum Ct.

Breech-Loading Guns $8.00 to $60.00. Muzzle-Loading Guns $2.50 to $25.00. 40-page Illustrated Catalogue and Price List of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers and Sporting Goods sent FREE to any address.
F. C. WILLOUGHBY & CO., Providence, R. I.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock. All bought for cash, and sold at lowest cash prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.
COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.
☞ Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

BRANSON KNITTER

PRICE, $25.00.

For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity from 6 to 8 dozen pairs of socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address JAMES L. BRANSON, 50 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1883-84.
P. POWELL & SON, 880 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

PENS! ESTERBROOK'S.

For sale by all Stationers.
23 Street, New York.

125 CHROMO CARDS, no two alike. 30 Gold Scrap Book ornaments, one beautiful Scrap Book, one dozen Cottage Chromos all new designs. All of the above by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00. WM. M. DONALDSON & Co., Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established, 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

Free Circular of Female Beauties, Sample 10c. 3 for 25c., 7 for 50c., or 18 for $1, securely sealed. WM. WEHMAN & CO., 27 First Avenue, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Williamston, N. C., Sep. 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

L. L. P.

Moline, Ill., Sep. 16, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

E. H. S.

Franklin, Tenn., Sep. 13, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

R. F. C.

Westminster, Md., Sep. 16, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

M. A. W.

Monday, O., Sep. 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

E. B. G.

Yelm, W. T., Sep 12, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

G. E.

Crescent City, Cal., Sep. 15, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

S. W. T.

Medford, N. J., Sep. 13, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

B. A.

Dunnsville, Va., Sep. 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

F. S.

New Smyrna, Fla., Sep. 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

R. T. S.

Bloomington, Ill., Sep. 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

L. E. P.

English Prairie, Ill., Sep. 12, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

R. E.

Miles Point, Mo., Sep. 14, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

W. E. F.

Dowelltown, Tenn., Sep. 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

S. M. C.

Livermoree, Ky., Sep. 14, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

R. E. W.

Rockwell, Ia., Sep. 51, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. K.

Hartstown, Pa., Sep. 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

J. H.

Spencerville, Md., Sep. 20, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

G. F. P.

Facetiæ.

Fine men—Magistrates.

Table of interest—The dinner-table.

A veritable duck of a doctor—The quack.

Sampson's last appearance brought down the house.

When does a spring resemble a coward? When it runs.

Better bare feet and contentment therewith than patent leather boots and a corn on each toe.

Two hogsheads make a butt, but it is not every naturalist who knows that it takes only one goat's head to do it.

When a death occurs in a Boston family the surviving members eat black beans for a month as a mark of respect to the dead.

Nothing pleases a conscientious bachelor as much as to dine with a married friend, and see the baby put his foot into the gravy.

Disgusted guest—"Waiter, I'm sure this napkin has been used before." "Be four, sir! You are only the third that's had it."

If you want to experiment on the adhesiveness of affection, endeavor to divorce a lazy boy from a warm bed on a cold winter morning.

Physicians prescribe Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease in all its forms. Sold by druggists.

"Walk slower, papa," cried the little girl whose short steps were no match for the strides of her masculine progenitor; "can't you go nice and slow like a policeman?"

Well spoken of at home. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator—a cure for Heart Disease. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

No, young man, it doesn't hurt you a particle to sow your wild oats. Go ahead and sow as you wish. But it's the gathering in of the crop that will make you howl. And you have to gather it, too. If you do not, it gathers you in, and one is a great deal worse than the other.

MUSIC
FOR ALL.
ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs,
-Music and Words,-
FOR
Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Face o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Tell de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,
Address 726 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Store of John Wanamaker
is a vast
Magazine of Merchandise
in the heart of the city,
Adjoining New City Hall,
Philadelphia.

At all seasons complete assortments of Dry Goods, Costumes, Silks, Laces, Millinery, Hosiery, Underwear, Hats, Shoes, Linens, Carpets, Furniture, China, Fancy Goods, Souvenirs.

Travelers stopping over a train are three minutes' walk from Broad Street Station, and five minutes by car to Reading Station. Toilet-rooms and Lunch-rooms within the house.

Absolutely Reliable Goods and guaranteed Proper Prices.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. of PHILA.

Assets, $8,433,207.72. Organized in 1847. Purely Mutual. Surplus, $1,809,462.85.
Thirty-five years' Successful Business.
All approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies issued. Policies absolutely *non-forfeitable* for "reserve" value, and *incontestable* after three years, except for fraud.

TO CONQUER THAT
BLUE DEVIL
DISEASE
Use the Only Homeopathic Remedy
Engelman's
Thirty Powders, TEN DAYS TREATMENT. PRICE, - $1.00.

Your Powders give early relief and, in my case, a permanent cure. MAJOR JOS. ANTHONY, Gen'l Sup't Lykens Valley Coal Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

I have used your Dyspepsia Powders with marvelous success, and rejoice in the knowledge that the most horrible of all diseases can be cured. You are at liberty to refer to Yours respectfully, JAS. S. STACKHOUSE, Ticket Receiver P. R. R. Co., Broad St. Station, Philada.

Mailed to any Address on Receipt of Price.

DYSPEPSIA
POWDERS.

The trouble is no longer the want of sleep, but the want of time to sleep, and no more confused, but pleasant, dreams. A. H. STONER, Harrisburg, Pa.

Your Powders have cured me, after trying many other remedies. ROBERT D. MILLER, Harrisburg, Pa.

RETAIL DRUGGISTS SUPPLIED BY JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. 602 Arch St., Philadelphia.

The Yokohama Tea Store, O'Neill Bros. & Co. Port Huron, Michigan.
Dear Sir:—Could get no relief from physicians or Pepsin. The action of your Powders is something wonderful. Yours truly, P. J. O'NEILL.

TEMPLE OF PHARMACY, No. 830 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Orders by mail. Address, FRANK E. ENGELMAN, 1839 Seybert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR LITTLE GEM
TIME-KEEPER
GIVEN AWAY.

Just what every one needs. A Perfect Time-keeper. It is no humbug, or a cheap toy, but a thoroughly reliable index of the time of day, in *Silver Nickle Hunting Case*, fully warranted. Cheap watches are poor time-keepers. The Little Gem can always be relied upon. For 40c. (or 20 two-cent stamps), we will send our *Large Illustrated* paper entitled *Youth*, for *Three* mos., and the Little Gem Time-keeper, in Handsome *Piano Polished Wooden Case*, as per illustration. For 15 cts. extra will send an elegant Watch Chain with Whistle-Charm and Dog-Call attachment. Money returned if not as described. For a club of 3 and $1.00, will send 3 subscriptions and 3 Time-keepers. Write to-day. Pub's of Youth, 27 Doane st., Boston, Mass.

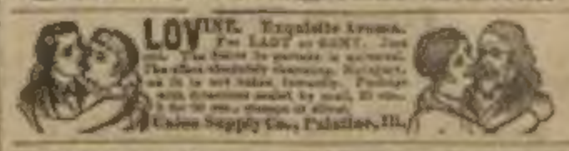
RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by DR. A. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

80 CARDS
BEST QUALITY.
New designs in Satin and Gold finish, with name, 10 cts. We offer $100 for a pack of cards any nicer work, or prettier styles. Samples free. Eagle Card Works, New Haven, Ct.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. & you'll get by mail A GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Need no capital. H. Young, 124 Greenwich St. N. York.


LOVING. Exquisite Aromas. For LADY or GENT. Just one. The finest in perfume is answered. The most absolutely charming. Recipient, as it is not taken internally. Package with directions mailed by mail, 25 cts. 3 for 50 cents, stamps or silver. Cahoo Supply Co., Palatine, Ill.

THE 6th and 7th Books of Moses Just translated in English, Egyptian Secrets, the Holiman books, and many other rare books for sale. Catalogue free. Address J. G. STAUFFER, Publisher, Palmyra, Pa.

FREE!

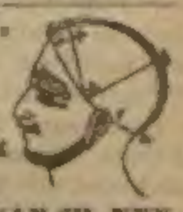
SAMPLE COPIES
-OF THE-
"SOUTH & WEST,"
The Leading Agricultural Paper of the Mississippi Valley. A Journal which should be in every family.

ONLY 50 CENTS A YEAR.

TO CLUB-RAISERS.

Send for our special offer to workers. The most liberal and satisfactory offer ever made for getting subscribers. Address

"SOUTH AND WEST,"
St. Louis, Mo.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC HEAD TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Splendid 50 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

ENORMOUS will be the amount of velvet worn this coming winter. In millinery, for trimmings, and for suits, it will alike be in demand.

The popularity will extend to the finer qualities of velveteen, such as the Nonpareil and Louise brands, for example; and very largely will these be employed for the plain skirts, or deep plaited flounces on foundation skirts, which will be fashionable under long plain overdresses of cloth, camel's hair, or the newer bison cloths.

It is a very unnecessary expense to buy all silk velvet for any such purpose.

And, indeed, so handsome and rich looking are the new velveteens, so close and fine is the nap, that entire basques of the material can be made with the best effect, not to speak of cuffs, collar, vests, plastrons and other trimmings.

When we say that velvet will be so much used for suits we do not mean that entire costumes of it will be fashionable.

Of that there is no present prospect, though later developments may throw a different light on the question.

So far as it is now possible to judge, the handsomest suits will be mixed velvet and ottoman or heavily repped faille.

Satin merveilleux will be used also, but it will not have the newest "cachet," as all smooth-finished goods this season have to yield precedence to twills and reps, whether in silk fabrics or wools.

Trimmings of velvet will be put on everything—from plain wool stuffs, calculated to make nice little suits for the morning, to rich silk gauzes, plain or brocaded with velvet figures.

There will probably be many gray dresses trimmed with velvet, or some rich dark tint—garnet, maroon, Judic red, prune, or violet.

For is is an established fact that gray in all shades will be about the most popular color this season, and so many women will find it trying, not to say positively unbecoming, that they will be glad of an opportunity to relieve it and lighten it up by an admixture of something more decided in tone.

There is nothing which flatters less than gray, nothing which may be worn advantageously by so small a minority of women.

We may except pearl gray, which under gaslight is rather apt to be becoming than otherwise.

But all other shades of the color are most uncompromising.

A woman with the finest and fairest of skins, and cheeks like peaches, may wear gray in the daytime and look her best. But most decidedly no one else.

A slim figure is another necessary feature for all tints of gray have the particular faculty of enlarging the apparent bulk to the utmost.

These things being considered, it will not be superfluous prudence to choose between the various new grays this Autumn, if chosen they must be at all, with finical nicety.

Some shades will, of course, be more becoming or less unbecoming than others, and it is too risky a business altogether to try experiments.

Another word may be added in this connection.

It is not likely that gray will be worn so very much on the street next winter. The fact is that gray cloth suits trimmed with black fur are, in anticipation, praised as the acme of "pschutt," notwithstanding. The color is not a winter color, and it is far more reasonable to suppose that we shall have an avalanche of it in the spring of next year than now.

A further fact which leads us to think so is that our fashions here are always adopted, that is to say, popularly adopted, just about one year after they have been originated in Paris.

For the house and for the evening, however, ladies may make purchases of gray surahs, velvets, ottoman faille, satin, cashmere, or veiling, and find that they will not be in advance of the general fashions.

How little embroideries are to be discarded is proved by the superb importations in this line that are being brought to the front every day now.

Some of the handsomest French dresses lately brought over are of wool goods with silk embroidered bands done on the material, either in contrasting colors, or tone on tone, and in very open patterns. A garnet wool suit, for instance, has a band of blue and yellow silk open-work embroidery on the edge of the plaited skirt.

Revers of it extend in widening panels on the front of the dress and the polonaise back is turned up nearly to the waist and shows a lining, as it were, consisting of a solid mass of this embroidery.

The conventionalized flowers, fruits, or other designs in all the new embroideries, whether they be of the style just mentioned or of rich applique description, with patterns in chenille, beads, gilt and silver, for the trimming of costly evening dresses, have all the same very open grounds. The figures themselves, on the other hand, are always extremely solid, and worked so as to be strongly in relief.

The effect of these two features combined is beautiful.

So much so that the new embroideries put everything of that sort we have hitherto had quite in the shade.

On some of the Pingat, Worth, Dusuzeau and Rodrigues dresses of ceremony, evening dresses and dinner robes, a new embroidery appears done in feathers.

The exquisite beauty of this work may be more easily imagined than described. When one sees some of the examples of needlework which deck the toilets turned out by houses of that description one feels that women within whose reach such things are nowadays have little in the matter of raiment to envy the Catherine de Medicis, Elizabeths and Mary Stuarts of old.

For dressy occasions for the present intermediate season a silk-embroidered wool costume would be most elegant and appropriate.

These costumes come in boxes, so many yards in a pattern, the price varying according to the amount of work upon them. Forty dollars or fifty will buy a very pretty one, not of the most elaborate description.

Ideas for other dressy toilets for this season, when Newport was in its greatest glory and the season at Lenox, in the Berkshire hills, just begun, may be supplied by the following costumes, worn recently at a kermess for a benevolent object, at a chateau near Paris:

One is of pistache-colored crepe de Chine embroidered on the tunic with silk flowers of the same color, on an open ground.

This tunic falls over a plaited flounce of plaid surah, in shades of pistache and dark and light brown.

On the left side it is carried up very high and adorned with a long and voluminous knot of dark brown velvet ribbon.

The bodice has scarcely any basques, on the front and sides, but a full and much trimmed postilion back.

Across the front two festoons of the stuff, embroidered like the tunic, are taken over a plaited plastron of the plaid surah.

The cuffs and collar are likewise embroidered and finished with knots of brown velvet.

The second costume is of glace or changeable taffeta, dark green, with blue and yellow shades throughout.

The panels and back are covered with gathered flounces, pinked out.

The front consists of V-shaped trimmings of green velvet, put on in bias bands, and alternating with flounces of red embroidery done on red net.

(This work is what the French call "broderie sur etamine." It is done in black, white, or any color.)

The bodice has a full loose vest of this red embroidered net, or "etamine," and that is crossed by bands of green velvet. Another charming French dress for the evening is of pale blue sicilienne, with a tunic cut into Vandyke points on the edge and falling over flounces of red lace. Both these details, the Vandyke points and the red lace, are among the latest "Agonies." Most of the gathered flounces to be worn on everything next winter will, probably, be either pinked or cut into points, or blocks, dog tooth or leaf patterns.

It is said that stripes are chiefly opening the Autumn campaign in Paris for simple walking dresses; the striped goods forming the petticoat, perhaps a broadening revers on the left side of the Greek overdress, and a vest or plastron for the bodice. They are apt to be more becoming than plaid goods, as a rule, and may be worn by women of any age, while the latter only do for younger women.

Fireside Chat.

HOW TO PAINT ON WOOD.

THERE are two different methods of painting upon wood: one only to be attempted by those who are used to painting in oils, and the other, requiring a little time and patience, consisting of water-colors upon gold.

The difficulty of painting on wood lies in preparing a good surface to work upon, and this is chiefly a matter of time.

In painting in oil-color, you should make up a wash of white, oil, and turpentine, and give the surface to be painted on, a coat of it two or three days running, putting on one when the other is dry; then you have a nice surface to paint upon, and can begin.

In using water-color, a great deal of Chinese white has to be mixed with it. The process of preparing the wood being rather intricate, requires a good deal of patience on the part of the performer, if it is to lead to ultimate success.

First, make some size with either isinglass or gelatine, and cover the article to be painted all over with it, with a large camel's-hair brush.

About as much isinglass as will cover a sixpence should be used to a wineglassful of hot water; stir till it melts.

When the wood is sized, it must be left to dry, and this process generally takes about twenty-four hours.

Then with emery paper, No. 0, rub the wood all over till it is smooth.

Now apply gold size; there are two kinds that may be used, and they can be bought at any chemist's; the first kind is thick and yellow; the second, liquid and brown; the latter kind is best if you mean to gild at once, but the former, if you have to keep it long before gilding.

The gold leaf is put on when the size feels sticky to the finger.

It generally takes about half an hour to accomplish this, but a little practice will soon enable you to discern, by touching it, when the size has got to the proper consistency, so that if you laid the side of your little finger on it, and gently raised it, the size would be raised up with it.

Putting on the gold leaf comes next, and that is rather a fidgety process.

It is rather expensive stuff, and is dreadfully easy to waste.

The least little puff of air will send it flying all over the room, and if it crumples up, it is no good at all afterwards.

One of the safest ways of putting it on, is to wax a piece of notepaper all over with a piece of wax, such as you use for waxing thread, then open your book of gold leaf and reverse it quickly, so that the bit of gold leaf is left upon the sticky paper, then lay the two upon the wood, and flatten them over with a handkerchief, and the waxed paper can easily be removed, while the leaf adheres to the size.

When the wood is all covered with gold, it must be allowed to dry for twenty-four hours.

Then comes another process, the varnishing; for without this, the gold would go black in the course of a day or two.

Most varnishes, unfortunately, have the result of making the gold look brassy; there is only one that does not, and that is very little known, and cannot be bought ready made.

Here is the recipe for it, to be made up at the chemist's, and the whole thing costs only a very few pence, and is perfectly invaluable to the appearance of the work: One-eighth of a pint of spirits of wine must first be procured, then put in and leave to mix, a quarter of an ounce of garnet of shellac; half drachm of red sanders wood; and a quarter of a drachm of turmeric. This makes what is called ormulu varnish, what the cabinet-makers use to make their work look so beautiful.

It must be laid on with a hog's-hair brush.

With regard to the style of painting to be employed, the flat Japanese style is by far the most telling.

Any good design off a Japanese tray will come in well for a panel; a flight of storks, or a branch going zig-zag across it, or a group of long-legged birds amongst water and water-weeds.

A branch of pale pink apple-blossom looks well, or Virginia creeper, in all its different tints.

A group of marguerites is also very effective, and peculiarly adapted to a young girl's room.

The colors with which the painting is done, are the ordinary moist water-colors, such as are used in illumination; the only difference being, that every brushful is mixed with Chinese white as you use it, to give the color a proper consistency.

A little skill and patience are required before painting with Chinese white can be done without looking heavy; but once mastered, it will be found to be a delightful art in itself, and the means of ornamenting a room in a way that will give lasting gratification to its inmates.

A MAN WITH A VIPER'S SKIN.—At Guadalajara there exists an individual having a scaly skin exactly like that of a viper, even to the green color. He has, besides, the viper habit of changing or shedding his skin every year. The skin comes off in a single piece, and not, as might be supposed, in parts. On the man's head there is not a single hair. A sister of this man, who died some time ago, manifested the same phenomenon, and toward the close of her life began slowly to grow blind, owing to the viper's skin encroaching on the eyes, such an extent that she could only see through a narrow aperture at each eye. The same thing is now happening to the brother. He can scarcely see any object, and the head presents the repulsive aspect of a viper. In Cuautla these unhappy beings have been known as the "viper man and woman," and the phenomenon is attributed to the fact that their mother ate an excess of viper's meat to cure a disease of the blood. In Cuba it is a common practice for people to eat viper's flesh as a remedy for blood diseases.

Correspondence.

G. M., (Newark, N. J.)—Yes.

JACK, (Flint, Mich.)—By all means take your friend's advice.

T. E. M., (Toland, Conn.) — A machine similar to the velocipede of the present day was known as far back as 1779; but the revival which has given rise to the bicycle and tricycle clubs of the present day dates from about 1867.

B. M. W., (Winchester, Pa.)—To clean light kid gloves put them on, as if to wear, and wash in soap and water as if washing the hands. When they look dull and the dirt is out hang them up, and when dry they will look nearly as good as new.

M. L. C., (Solon, Iowa.) —If your claim to the land is a good one, you can enforce it by process of law. Our advice to you is to accept a reasonable compromise. Do not go to law except as a last resort. Your claim may be good, but yet you may lose your case.

M. L. A., (Norristown, Pa.)—Ladies recognize their gentlemen friends with a bow of graceful inclination; and it is their place to bow first to those with whom their acquaintance is but slight; while with very intimate friends the recognition is frequently simultaneous.

M. M. T., (Newport, N. J.) — The word tobacco is evidently taken from the name of a place; but antiquaries are not agreed as to whether that place was Tobasco, a province of Yucatan, New Spain, the Island of Tobago, one of the Carribees, or Tobasco, in the Gulf of Florida.

W. T. D., (Tangle, La.)—The origin of surnames is very varied; many were taken from personal qualifications either of mind or body, many from occupations, and others again from the place of birth or residence of the individual. There are one or two very good works on the subject.

S. M. E., (Wanshard, Wis.)— Try what a little patience and coaxing will do. These means may be easily exercised without loss either of firmness or dignity. Some children are only hardened and rendered less obedient by physical punishment, and your boy may be one of them.

L. W. W., (Thoroughfare, N. J.)— You acted very properly. You should not call upon a lady until you have been invited by her to call. You have no reason to regret anything that you have done. The young gentleman has no reason to be angry and probably thinks very highly of you.

A. B. H., (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—There is no disparity in a man being eight or ten years older than the woman he intends to make his wife, but anything beyond that would be in the most cases too much. It is always best, if other circumstances are propitious, for the man to be the older of the two.

T. F. B., (Chicago, Ill.)— The English navy is the most powerful, although it has a smaller number of vessels than either the French or Russian navy. The respective number of vessels and men is as follows: English, 276 vessels, 59,000 men; French, 226 vessels, 68,253 men; Russian, 359 vessels, 30,194 men.

L. M. F., (Bush Hill, N. C.)— If your husband has a hasty temper, you will need great wisdom and discretion to guide you aright and give you strength to rule your own spirit. If you can learn to possess complete command over your own temper you will be able to decrease the strength of your husband's temper.

PETE, (Phila., Pa.)—You are simply undergoing the experience which most boys and girls go through on arriving at their teens—of falling desperately in love with a pretty face. You will probably have other attacks of the same kind before you reach man's estate, but will survive them all, and be none the worse for the experience.

L. P., (Washington, D. C.)—You owe it to your father to write him before you make any decision, and give him all the details. If he makes no objection, then we see no reason for rejecting an honest young man because he works hard for his living. Some such men have made good husbands and got forward in life; and yours, we hope, will do so.

C. M. K., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—The gentleman should always precede the lady in going up and downstairs. In entering a church or theatre, the gentleman should hold the door open while the lady passes into the building, then he should take the lead. It is the privilege of the lady to bow first. A gentleman must wait until he is recognized before saluting a lady.

L. M. M., (Wheeling, Va.) —"Falling stars," or meteors, have been observed for ages. The Chinese records of them go back to 644 B.C. The great meteoric display to which you refer occurred on the night of November 12th, 1833. It was seen in all parts of the United States, and was so brilliant and continuous that many people supposed that the end of the world had come, and that the air was already on fire.

W. S. T., (Crescent City, Cal.)—The ivory of the tooth—that part which lies under the enamel—is composed of an immense number of little pipes which makes that part of the tooth porous. This accounts for the rapid decay of the teeth when the enamel is gone. The acids of the saliva, heat and cold, penetrate these numerous cells, and cause a sudden destruction of the tooth. Filling the cavity well with some metal is therefore the only cure.

H. S. T., (Summerville, Pa.)—For crystallizing a bouquet, suspend over a tub or other vessel; and having made a solution of alum in boiling water, pour it over it when scalding hot, taking care that it reaches every part; use a pound of alum to a quart of water, or more in proportion. After having poured the solution over them, let them remain for at least twelve hours, and then you will find them dry, with a sparkling crystal glistening from every spray.

MABLE, (Woodbury, N. J.) —To keep one's strength while acting as nurse in a case of prolonged illness, and particularly if obliged to sit up all night or many nights in succession, great benefit will be derived from taking a warm bath early in the morning, and putting on fresh under-garments every second morning; or, if the disease be particularly infectious in its nature, it is best to change the underclothing every morning. It will be found that the warm bath, followed by brisk rubbing of the whole body with a coarse Turkish towel or flesh brush, will refresh the body almost as much as sleep.